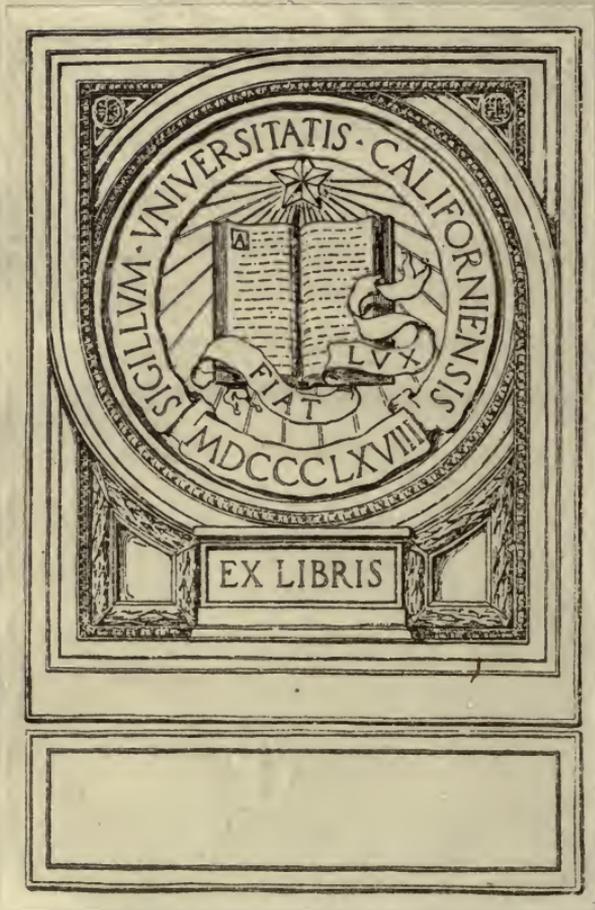


A LANDSMAN'S
LOG


R. W. NEESER







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FIRING A THREE-INCH GUN AT TARGET PRACTICE

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A LANDSMAN'S LOG

By

ROBERT W. NEESER

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

By REAR ADMIRAL CHARLES J. BADGER, U. S. N.
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE
ATLANTIC FLEET



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TO VISIT
ALBANY

TO THE
CREW OF THE KANSAS

259909

PREFACE

To the average citizen, the life on board ship is, unfortunately, a closed book. Only when the fleet is in port has he the opportunity of treading the deck of a man-o'-war, and then his visits result only in a confused impression of guns, machinery, and cramped spaces. Of the ways of the service he has seen nothing.

It has seemed worth while, therefore, to publish the account which follows, not because it describes any unusual or important events, but because it sets forth the daily life and the day's work for the thousands of bluejackets who to-day man the fighting vessels of our Navy.

This book records the observations and impressions formed by a civilian during a winter's cruise with the Atlantic Fleet. It is a journal of what the fleet does in times of peace to maintain its efficiency, a record of what it accomplishes when off parade.

Most gratefully do I here acknowledge the courtesies with which I was fairly overwhelmed during those four months with the fleet. In publicly acknowledging my indebtedness to the

many who have been so kind to me, I desire to express my obligations in particular to the Secretary of the Navy and to Rear Admiral Seaton Schroeder, U. S. N., who was then Commander-in-Chief of the Atlantic Fleet, for the authority to make this cruise; to Rear Admiral Charles J. Badger, U. S. N., the commanding officer of the *Kansas*, the ship to which I was assigned, and to my shipmates and to others in the Service for their hospitality and many acts of kindness.

January, 1913.

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A LANDSMAN'S LOG



INTRODUCTION

Washington,
November, 1912.

The practical disappearance of sail propulsion for deep water ships, with their picturesque array of spars and sail and intricate rigging, the long passages, the dangers of the deadly lee shore, the struggle with hurricane winds and mountainous seas, requiring all the skill and fortitude of the seamen to win through in safety, has frequently led to the declaration that the romance of the sea is gone, but that enthusiastic interest in modern ships and the men who go down to the sea in them still exists "*A Landsman's Log*" abundantly proves.

Externally, the massive, warlike appearance of the battleship of the present day at once impresses with a species of awe even the most casual observer, but it is only when viewed from within that a realization of the enormous power for offense and defense lodged behind the walls of steel becomes possible, and never fails to excite the wonder and admiration of the novice who views it for the first time.

Indeed, so rapid are the changes in size and equipment that even the expert is taxed to keep abreast of the improvements as each new ship comes from the hands of the builders. Ten years sees the crack ship of her day relegated to the second line of defense, and twenty years puts her into the hopelessly obsolete class. This is the reason why the cost of maintaining a modern Navy is so great. It is not mere numbers that count; the ships must be up-to-date in all respects or they cannot hold their own when the day of trial in actual war arrives with a nation which has followed a consistently progressive policy in its naval construction.

It was to a ship still of the first line, forming one of an active fleet of similar vessels, that our author brought his powers of observation and description. It is possible that a longer experience on board might have led to a modification of some of his early impressions, but the "*Log*" presents, as it stands, an interesting and remarkably accurate description of the life and work on board a modern battleship.

It was, of course, inevitable that interest should soon center upon the personnel, the officers and enlisted men who give life, energy and purpose to the ship. To organize, subsist, discipline and drill such a large number of

men in confined quarters; to provide for some play as well as a great deal of work; to maintain contentment under adverse conditions—for all sea conditions are abnormal to the average man; to systematize whatever may have a bearing upon the health, comfort and efficiency of the entire personnel, requires unceasing effort and long experience on the part of those in authority.

All these things have been touched upon most happily in this book and those who are curious as to the details of life in the Navy of to-day, and the means taken to promote and insure the battle efficiency of the individual ships as well as of the fleet, will find in the following pages much to interest, instruct and amuse.

CHAS. J. BADGER,

Rear Admiral, U. S. Navy.

A LANDSMAN'S LOG

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 5TH.

A new world it was that I stepped into when I came aboard the *Kansas* about three bells this afternoon and reported my arrival to the Officer-of-the-Deck. I had long had a dim knowledge of the interior of a man-o'-war and some inkling of the service itself, but the many hours I had just spent in the pilot-house of the *Pawnee*,—a navy tug of imposing insignificance which had conveyed me and my luggage from the Navy Yard to where the fleet rode at anchor in the North River,—had convinced me that I knew “durned little” after all. At least, that much I gathered from my friend, the Boatswain, who in that short space of time had managed to find out all the whys and wherefores of my present being, and overwhelmed me with advice which he considered essential to my welfare while sailing the ocean waves.

Once on board it did not take me long to get settled. My room is on the gun-deck, abaft the after twelve-inch barbette, and just off a kind

of passage called the wardroom country, surrounding which are the quarters of the commissioned officers and the Captain's cabin, the *sanctum sanctorum*. And the reason for my having such luxurious quarters is, I am told, because this ship is one of the few in the fleet that has not been favored with a sky-pilot,—as the chaplain is familiarly known,—and hence I have been assigned to room “A,” which that dignitary of the church always claims by divine right. And I must say that he is usually pretty well off. The room is very snug and cosy, with a comfortable berth, a chest of drawers, wardrobe, desk, wash-basin and arm-chair. In the daytime it is lighted by a small, round port, which in good weather may be enlarged into a large, square one; while at night innumerable large and small incandescent electric lights satisfy the demands of the most exacting.

My first difficulty has naturally been that of becoming acquainted with my hosts, and especially those whose mess I am to share on this cruise. A few I had already met, but all have been so amiable, so anxious to make me feel at home, that I am overwhelmed with kindnesses, and our friendship of only a few hours has already shown that our life as ship-



THE KANSAS'S WARDROOM

mates is going to be something to look forward to. At seven we gathered in the wardroom for dinner, and what a function it was! As a matter of precaution I had donned a dinner coat, but I was not half "dressed" compared with the distinguished company that graced the mess that evening. All were in their best evening clothes—uniforms, I should say. But this, I was informed, was always the rule when in port. For the Navy Regulations have it all down in black and white; the stiff white shirts, black bow ties, white waistcoats, and uniform dress coats, are all prescribed in detail, and woe to the unfortunate one who attempts to have his own way.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 6TH.

There was little prospect of sailing to-day. The river was full of ice, the weather most disagreeable,—“dirty weather,” as the log-books of old would say,—and rain most of the time, so that on deck it was very wet under-foot. Later in the morning a heavy fog came up the river and shrouded us in a veil so thick that even our immediate neighbors could not be seen. This precluded any possibility of getting under way, though orders had already been issued by the Commander-in-Chief to do

so at two o'clock. The leaves of all the officers had expired in the morning and all were on board by nine. But even though the sailing was postponed, none was allowed to return on shore without special permission from the Admiral,—a favor which even the most venturesome hesitated to ask.

The boy called me at seven, in time to enjoy a good and hearty breakfast before colors, a ceremony incidental to the daily routine about which I had always heard so much. Eight bells! The band burst into the national anthem, "The Star Spangled Banner," while the Stars and Stripes were hoisted slowly by the Quartermaster, and every man, whatever his rank or rate, faced aft at attention till the conclusion of the strain. How simple that ceremony, yet how impressive! Not one to be talked about, but felt; and I could not help thinking that wherever an American man-of-war is in commission that solemn function is always performed.

The inclement weather soon interrupted my thoughts, and I sought refuge below, where I had little difficulty in whiling away the time. At eleven-thirty, however, I was up on deck again, just in time, as it proved, to witness that time-honored custom of the "tasting" of

the crew's dinner by the Officer-of-the-Deck. Apparently the meal was to his liking, for he ate it all, and when later he came below on his relief and joined us in the wardroom he had no appetite left for the luncheon that was being served to his own mess.

About four I attended the "mast," or police court of the ship, at which the Captain, as supreme magistrate of his vessel, daily judged all those who had been guilty of minor offenses. For the serious breaches of discipline the cases have to be referred to a deck court consisting of an officer of the ship; if more serious, a Summary Court Martial tries the case, while in certain cases a supreme tribunal (a General Court) is convened by the Admiral of the fleet. To-day, however, the offenders were mostly charged with having overstayed their leave; many, whose excuses seemed plausible, were discharged; but the rest had to bow to the inevitable and receive their punishment in the form of confinement or extra duty.

What greatly impressed me in this simple and efficacious manner of dispensing justice was that, while the infractions of discipline are followed by punishment, swift and sure, the discipline of the Navy is not harsh or unbearable to the normal man. The rights of

the bluejacket are as safely guarded as the privileges of the highest in rank, and the cases are few where a man may feel that he has been unjustly dealt with. The principle by which discipline is now maintained is no longer to punish as severely as possible, but to offer to the men every inducement to do right, so that they cannot possibly fail to see the advantages to be gained by good behavior.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 7TH.

The day dawned cold and gray, but clear, and I was early awakened by the preparations on deck for getting under way. Steam was up, the boats were hoisted in, and the gangways were unrigged, so that by half past eight, when the Admiral made the signal to leave our moorings, nothing had been left undone. The way the men stepped around, and the way that anchor engine tugged and strained to get the "mud-hook" out of the river-bed, were things to be seen, not read about. And the leadsmen in the chains added to the fascination of the scene as they began their song,—an old song that, alas, has ceased to charm and has gone into disuse with the ships in which it was formerly used, for with our swift moving craft the Captain must know the soundings

quicker than he did when they came to him only at the end of a stave of the old song. Then the engines began to throb and we were under way. The *Connecticut* led the column, then came the *Vermont*, and third the *Kansas*. The other ships, five in number, followed in our wake. It was an impressive manœuvre in the crowded river channel, and I was filled with admiration as I beheld that swift yet unhurried departure.

Rounding Sandy Hook we ran into a sou'wester; nothing really worth mentioning, but enough to cause the ships to dance the hornpipe and give us a little practice limbering up our sea legs. What a glorious sight those ships astern presented, as they slugged their bluff-noses into the surge and rose dripping like half-tide rocks. Slowly they would rise to the very summit of the waves, then majestically sink into the hollow beyond, ready to tower again above the next height. No one can deny their graceful motion, the enormous rush of water, the inherent power felt in every push or bend or curve of them,—which command not only respect but admiration. We may regret the picturesqueness of the sailing frigate and the majesty of the ship-of-the-line, but in years to come, when the

present time shall have become the "good old times," no poetry will be lacking about the present-day thunderers of the seas.

I was lost in the perception of the various evolutions. The battleships looked so massive, they glided round each other so closely, yet preserved their relative positions with such precision that I was thrilled with admiration. Two hundred and fifty yards ahead of us the propellers of the *Vermont* were churning up a foamy wake, while the same distance astern of our quarter-deck the ram of the *Minnesota* was cleaving the water; and this distance was maintained with an evenness that might have suggested their being tied together.

We were now strung out in a two-mile column, eight ships, heading southward. As soon as we were outside, the flagship began to wreath herself in vari-colored flags, and then all was bustle on the other ships. Up on our bridge, the small army of signal boys appeared to have their work cut out for them; here, too, was the Officer-of-the-Deck, signal-book in hand, with the Quartermaster close by, the Captain, the Navigator, and men innumerable for every mechanical device needed to handle the massive engine of war; while on one side stood a young officer, a midshipman, looking

through a curious instrument of bars and wheels and glasses, engrossed in the all-important task of keeping note of the distance between this ship and the next ahead,—all-important, for should he not know it, the Admiral would, and this was not the best way of attracting the Commander-in-Chief's attention.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 8TH.

During the night the sea moderated considerably; at daybreak there remained but an easy ground-swell. The sky, however, has been overcast all day. Last evening the *Mississippi* and *Idaho* joined the fleet, having come down the Delaware from Philadelphia, and took up their position astern of us. The morning was devoted to routine work, quarters were at half past ten, and the crew paraded the quarter-deck while the band played its best.

Then in the afternoon the Admiral signalled for manœuvres and the way the ships played round each other, like dolphins, was a pleasure to the eye of even the most trained observer. But what impressed me more than anything else was the number of times the ships were called upon to alter their speeds. The ocean liner, once clear of the land, usually strikes

her pace and holds it to the end of her voyage, but her sister, the ship of war, must ever change her gait under the will of the Admiral and be able, at a moment's notice, to make a spurt or drop several knots as the occasion demands. In the course of the afternoon I counted as many as six different speeds, ranging from eight to fifteen knots, which latter was our point of maximum vibration. Yet even then you could feel she was being held back, and that the restive twin screws were only longing for an opportunity of showing what they really could do.

At noon we were off Hatteras, but as we were ninety miles out at sea, we naturally did not catch a glimpse of the dreaded spot, though I must confess that the junior marine officer (on his first cruise) and I both rushed up on deck, letters in hand, under the mistaken impression that we might post them as we passed the *mail buoy*,—to the great glee of those who had so easily fooled us.

Every hour has been so surcharged with interest that my brain has become filled to overflowing with new impressions,—a host of details, no one of which could be willingly missed. But in the afternoon I had a gentle breathing spell when the Navigator led me

into his office on the berth-deck, and initiated me into the mysteries of some of his special duties. What he attempted to cram into my bewildered brain, I do not recall. It had to do with the navigation of the ship, electrical apparatus, log-books, and log-lines. But one thing that I do remember, perhaps because it was the easiest thing to comprehend, was that part of his special duties that related to his position as librarian of the ship. And then I found out what a splendid collection of books, works on geography, history, professional subjects, travel, fiction and general literature, is at the disposal of every officer and enlisted man on board Uncle Sam's ships wherever they may be. And it is only one of the many luxuries the present-day sailor enjoys. The American Navy was the first to institute the custom, and the first ship's library was placed on the old ship-of-the-line *Franklin* in the early twenties. Few agencies in recent years have done more to raise the tone of the enlisted men in the service, to improve their standards of character and efficiency, and to add to their contentment, than these well-selected libraries which are now placed on board our ships. Scores of men may daily be seen, scattered about the decks during the idle hours that

necessarily do occur even in the busy life of a modern man-of-war, reading, or with pencil and paper working on some problem. Books are read and re-read until their covers are worn from constant use, and this clean and wholesome reading fills up the hours that otherwise would have been spent in idleness or worse.

After dinner the beauties of the brilliant night lured us on deck. About us frolicked our ten companions, the silence of the night broken only by the dull thud of their engines as they glided through the glassy sea, each with her *ardois* signals winking unceasingly and semaphores frantically waving their spectral arms.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 9TH.

Steam tactics again were the order of the day, but I was too engrossed in the life of my own ship to be intelligently interested in evolutions. Hour by hour the complex organization of this engine of war has been unfolding before me until every detail has become fixed in my mind.

At the head of this community of almost a thousand souls is the Captain, who is vested with the supreme control of the ship, and is

responsible to the Department for her in every way. Next in rank comes the Executive Officer, who, as the representative and right-hand man of the Captain, sees that his orders are properly executed and aids in maintaining the general efficiency of the ship. He runs almost everything on board; he is the general manager and housekeeper. At one time he is overlooking the hoisting in of a cutter, at another talking over the next music programme with the Bandmaster, or conferring with the Paymaster about the crew's dinner, or planning a new ash dump with the carpenter. His work has no end, and seldom does he even find time to have a quiet smoke or uninterrupted nap in his own room. Then comes the First Lieutenant, or "fust luff," who, as "assistant housekeeper," is responsible for the general cleanliness of the ship. The Navigator navigates the ship when at sea and oversees all the electrical apparatus, which alone is no small task. On the Ordnance Officer devolves the charge of the guns and ammunition; he conducts target practice, and to his efforts and supervision are mainly due the results which the ship obtains when the final test of hitting the bull's-eye comes. Then there is the Chief Engineer, who rules over a small world all by

himself, while the Paymaster overlooks the official financial affairs of the community, feeds the men, pays them their wages, and provides them with clothing. In addition to these commissioned officers, and next in rank, are the watch and division officers,—those who stand watch on the bridge at sea and on the quarter-deck in port as the representatives of the Captain, and have general charge of the ship while they have “the deck.” Each has command of one of the various divisions into which the crew is split up, and generally has a junior officer to assist him in this important and responsible duty.

And so it goes on. Every man, officer and bluejacket has his place. Not a thing has been overlooked. Yet I could not help marvelling how simple it all was, and how smoothly the intricate and complex machinery performed every one of its varied tasks after it had been properly adjusted.

MONDAY, JANUARY 10TH.

Speaking of tropical weather, to-day is a good sample. To say the least, it is decidedly warm on deck, the crew are all in “whites,” and the scene presents quite a contrast to what it was in New York four days ago. At six

the huge sun rose out of the molten sea, with a suddenness and blazing heat known only to these latitudes, climbed to the zenith with a haste that made its progress almost visible to the naked eye, then with equal haste hurried down below the horizon at the same hour in the evening, leaving that curious flash of green light in the sea. Then night fell, the stars began to twinkle merrily, and the signal and running lights on the ships burst into a blaze of glory.

At 9:45 the crew were given physical exercises, with and without arms, after which Fire-Control Drill was held. Just to try the preparedness of the engineer forces, the Admiral suddenly ordered sixteen knots, perhaps in the hope of finding somebody napping. But that was not to be, and the engines all responded with a willingness that aroused in you some of the affection that the engineer force already felt for them.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 11TH.

Last night about 9:30 we were abreast of Watling Island (San Salvador) light. The fleet was at the time steaming in column; ten ships were astern of us, the *Wisconsin* having joined since dinner, which makes our total

number now thirteen. At 7:45 this morning we passed Crooked Island, and at ten ran between Castle Island and Miraporvos Bay. From 9:30 until 10:30 the crew went through the usual drills, after which the officers received gunnery and target practice instructions from the Ordnance Officer. Then after dinner the drills were resumed, and afterwards the fleet engaged in various evolutions in obedience to the signals from the flagship. We passed and repassed each other, turned circles, ran back, and what not. Before we knew it we were heading north again, and then everybody wondered what it was all about. The only way we could account for these antics, and the sudden change in the course of the fleet towards home, was that the Admiral did not wish to reach Guantanamo Bay before daylight. He had announced his arrival for then, and at that hour he would therefore be there, and no sooner. It would never do to get there ahead of time, so I was told; that was not the way they did things in the Navy.

But the mischief wrought by this innocent manœuvre no one at the moment realized. The trade wind, common to this region, was blowing rather freshly, enough to kick up a bit of a sea, and make us gather our sea legs.

It was all on the port side, however, so we of the lee (or starboard) side had left our ports wide open to enjoy what little breeze might find its way into our rooms. But the minute the ship changed her course, our positions were reversed and before we could make a move in self-defense an awkward sea came aboard the quarter-deck just abaft the turret. I rushed below in expectation of finding my quarters deluged, and the stream of water I waded into at the foot of the ladder led me to believe that my worst fears had been realized. But it was the Navigator, not I, that had been drowned out. The thoughtful mess-boy had already closed the port of my room and was in the act of shutting his when the flood came. Not a thing escaped the drenching. And it was his second experience in a week!

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12TH.

My ideas of Cuban scenery prior to my arrival off the Coast were based on my youthful recollections of maps of the West Indies in the geographies. On these the land appears flat and uninteresting, and wholly unworthy of the slightest consideration. And when yesterday we sighted the low-lying islands of the Bahamas my impressions seemed to have

received unquestionable confirmation. But this morning when I came on deck, to my amazement I beheld hills and even mountains rising as it were out of the sea, some even to a height of thousands of feet. Truly it was a revelation. We were steaming in single column along the shore, and at the appointed hour made the broad entrance of Guantanamo Bay, which was to be our base of operations and our home during the next few months. Once inside we came to anchor in line of squadrons, off the naval station, where were already the station-ship *Newark*, the scout cruiser *Salem*, two colliers and an auxiliary.

Guantanamo Bay is indeed a splendid sheet of water. Miles long and miles wide, it furnishes a commodious harbor, capable of accommodating the present fleet with ease, and with plenty of room for thirty more if necessary. For beautiful scenery (at a distance) it is unsurpassed. Imposing bluish mountains in the background on all sides, smaller promontories in the middle ground, and low shores,—covered with such uninviting growths as long grass and cactus,—in the foreground, surround the large land-locked bay. The coloring is gorgeous under the clear tropical sky; the water a rich ultramarine blue, a greenish-yel-



THE FLEET ENTERING GUANTANAMO BAY

low, bright green or even dull brown. What more ideal spot could be imagined! Truly it shows the hand of a divinity, only, alas, after its creation no divinity would dwell in it, as an officer sorrowfully remarked.

Casting aside the mere beauties of the scene, and coming down to more practical considerations, you find little to commend it. The place is barren and desolate; the nearest settlement is Caimanera, at the head of the bay, outside the reservation, with its lazy, dirty and worthless crowd of mulattoes. The city of Guantanamo, about seventeen miles inland, is practically inaccessible owing to the poor railroad communications. Around the outer bay is scattered the naval station, comprising the station-ship *Newark*, a shore office for the Commandant, one general store, a coaling station, and a few frame structures for the accommodation of the officers and men on duty there. A redeeming feature of the place is the officers' club and the men's building, with their large verandas, where the cool trade winds may be enjoyed to advantage. But the principal drawback, they say, is that the officers and men have no time to spend at them, so that only the most sanguine entertain the hope that some day they will be real clubs.

All the ships' companies are now in "whites." Even the bands have forsaken their gorgeous uniforms. And right here I have learned how so many of our naval customs came down to us by natural inheritance from those in force on board the ships of the Mother Country. Yet how few people know this! The black collar with its three white stripes around the border was meant to commemorate the three great victories of Nelson,—Trafalgar, the Nile, and Copenhagen; the collar was black because in those days sailors tarred their hair and wore it in cues, which soiled their white collars until they became black; and the black neckerchief was added about the same time as a sign of mourning for Nelson's death. Even the epaulets and sleeve stripes worn by the officers had their origin in the brass shields formerly worn to protect the shoulders and forearms from cutlass cuts. And as for the scarlet uniforms of our naval bands, that is the most interesting story of all. For it seems that during the fighting around Baltimore and Washington in 1814 a detachment of bluejackets captured four British musicians, and on renewing the battle the following day, and having no band of their own, they compelled the four Britishers to play them into action. Since which

date the color of the uniform has ever been scarlet.

These are only a few of the associations connected with the naval uniform of to-day, but they convey a meaning which cannot be misunderstood, and account for the sentiment that has so often withstood the agitations against the flat cap, the wide bottomed trousers, and other so-called objectionable features of the sailor's clothing. But the sailors themselves have strongly opposed any change, and when several years ago a complete canvass of the wishes of both officers and men in this respect was made on board one of the battleships, the vote was almost unanimous for the retention of the present picturesque uniform.

In the afternoon the Fleet Athletic Officer and several others went ashore to select grounds for the location of baseball diamonds and athletic fields, as well as places along the beach near the anchorages where the swimming parties from the ships might best be sent, and when I was asked to accompany them I did not hesitate to take advantage of this opportunity of once more walking on dry land. But it was warm work under the broiling sun, and we all were heartily glad to get back to our ships and go in for a refreshing swim in

the cool waters of the bay. As a matter of fact, everybody that could went over the side, for as we returned on board swimming call sounded. Even Shep, one of our mascots, lived up to his reputation of being a great water dog, and followed the first man into the water.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 13TH.

One thing that certainly impresses you on board a man-o'-war is the remarkable precision and lack of confusion that attends every important drill and exercise. At no time is this more evident than when "General Quarters" are sounded,—that drill which above all others is the most important held on board ship, for it involves all the final preparations for battle. The vessel was cleared as for action. All the batteries were manned, ammunition hoists began to rumble as they brought up charge after charge for the guns, and before long the pieces were being trained on some distant object, loaded and ready for the word of command. Everything was done as if an enemy were actually coming within range.

Then in the afternoon we coaled ship quite unexpectedly. Orders had been received to do so on the morrow, but the surprise was sprung



Photo by G. W. Stib

"SHEP" ANSWERING SWIMMING CALL

**THE KANSAS MASCOT DIVING FROM THE LEADSMAN'S PLATFORM, TWENTY-FIVE
FEET ABOVE THE WATER LINE**



on us instead at four p.m., and coal we did until long after supper. It certainly was a dirty piece of work, but the men did not seem to consider it so. Every officer and man did his share of the work, and more besides. It was a question which division would get the most coal aboard, and the rivalry to be the best was keen indeed and a pleasure to behold. About three hundred and fifty tons were taken on in a little over two hours,—which was poor time indeed when compared to previous records. But then it was difficult to make speed with such an old collier as the *Hannibal*, which had been inflicted upon us, a relic of the last war and not adapted to present-day records. “Wait until we get one of those new colliers, then you’ll see what we can do!” So they said.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 14TH.

The crew were up till after midnight cleaning the ship after yesterday’s profanation, and washing themselves and their clothes, and today they are still at the same task. As all the regular routine is suspended during and after coaling, there was nothing to do or see on ship-board, so I went ashore to seek what diversion I could on the “beach.” But I went alone, and after wandering about disconsolately for

the good part of an hour, I was only too glad to be able to return once more to my "home" and escape a drenching shower that had been gathering in the west.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 15TH.

The "Lucky Bag," and then began the fun. For weeks the watchful eye of the Master-at-Arms, the ship's chief-of-police, had been at work seeking "articles adrift," as he called them, and now all the contents were to be sold at auction to the highest bidder. For extreme tidiness is a pronounced characteristic in Uncle Sam's Navy. "A place for everything and everything in its place," is the way they put it, and woe to the forgetful or careless blue-jacket who leaves anything belonging to him where it ought not to be. Into the lucky bag it goes, and to redeem it the culprit must either acknowledge his ownership at once and incur a light fine for his offense, or else await the quarterly sale and then hope to be able to bid high enough to get his own once more. It is a time-honored institution, as old as the navy itself, and indeed one of the most effective ways ever devised of maintaining that state of order which has come to be a by-word in the service.



GUANTANAMO BAY VIEWED FROM THE CUZCO HILLS

SUNDAY, JANUARY 16TH.

Beware of the Siren! That is indeed good advice, but who would ever have imagined those bleak, low lying hills about Guantanamo Bay to have possessed the charm of luring unsuspecting admirers of nature? On the chart which we had been studying all week they appeared innocent enough, and when we had talked the matter over we felt sure that we knew the lay of the land by heart, and that the "hike" which we had promised ourselves would be but a short jaunt, lasting at most a few hours. At least that is the way we had figured it out beforehand.

We had proposed going over the trail from Fisherman's Point to the target range, but as we could get no steamer to land us at the first place, we concluded to "bear up" and make our expedition backwards from the range to the point. That was easy enough, we thought, as we simply had to follow the trail from east to west instead of from west to east. We started in the best of spirits, leaving the ship soon after dinner, with our canteens full of fresh water and a supply of sandwiches which someone had thrust into our hands at the last moment. Little did we dream that we would

ever actually want them. The ascent began shortly after we left the range, where small hillocks led up gradually to the higher hills. We started out at a bold pace, following the trail, which ran along an old army telegraph line. Up and down we went, leaving behind us several hillocks, which I must say were rather hard climbing in spite of their low altitude. But it was nothing to what was in store for us later. The beginning of our walk was hot and difficult, but by three o'clock the heat was intense. We were screened by the very hills we were climbing from the refreshing trade wind that never fails, and as there was no shade we toiled in the broiling sun. We soon realized that we were not on the right track. The old telegraph line was still leading us on, but the trail certainly was no longer there. How long before we had missed it we knew not. At any rate, there was little question as to what we should do. But one of my companions spied a small mountain right ahead, higher than the rest, which he "knew" was where we wanted to go and where he assured us we would be rewarded by the most beautiful panorama mortal ever saw in these regions. Unfortunately we took him at his word, and began that awful climb. The tall



SUNDAY MORNING QUARTERS

grass completely hid us from view and from each other as we struggled on. But that was nothing compared to the cactus, of whose concealed presence we were aware only after we had come into personal contact with it. How far we walked I know not. In "mountain travel" distances are never calculated in miles. Hours are the standard, and when we consulted our watches we found that the afternoon was well advanced. But I will say this much for my friend, though I must say that many times during that walk I considered him anything but a friend, that the view which rewarded our efforts when we finally did reach the top was one of the most beautiful that I have ever seen. In the distance were the mountains that on every side surround the land-locked bay, while in the foreground lay that sheet of water with its fleet of fighting ships; then there was the naval station, the target range, the hills we had just left, and inlets and peninsulas innumerable,—all stretched out below us in an imposing panorama. Facing the ocean we could see an inviting cove, where lay a sandy beach surrounded by precipitous cliffs. How cool that water looked. Oh, how we longed for a dip in that refreshing surf. The temptation proved irre-

sistible. In a moment we were heading in the direction of that roaring surf, and once more plunged into the jungle with its maze of cactus. At last we found it, had our dip, ate our sandwiches, which we appreciated more than I could say, and then started for home. Of the return voyage, the less said the better. It was a repetition of what we had been through on the outward passage, only our imaginations made it worse. And when we finally reached the boat landing, hungry and tired after our prolonged expedition, we had only one thought,—that of leaving all future expeditions for others to indulge in.

MONDAY, JANUARY 17TH.

To-day the First Division held its Standardization Trials. We steamed out of the harbor at 6:30 with the *Connecticut* and *Vermont*. The trials were held over a measured course off the coast, which the ships covered at various speeds, and three times for each speed in order to correct any errors due to tide and wind. On each run the time consumed, the number of revolutions of the screws, and the horse-power developed were noted, and the results, when worked out,

showed how many revolutions were needed for each speed. For example, when the fleet is steaming together, if the flagship signals to the fleet that the ships are to steam 18 knots, the officers on the *Kansas* know that to make this speed the engines must drive the screws at 121 revolutions per minute. This is the result reached in the Standardization Trials, and makes the officers familiar with the steaming capabilities of their ships. The tests were made at full speed, 18, 17, 16, 15, 14, 12, 10 and 8 knots. The highest speed attained by this ship to-day was 18.54 knots, or .45 faster than she made on her trial trip in 1907 (18.09 knots), which speaks volumes for the efficiency of the engineer force and the care with which the engines have been looked after. The trials lasted from 6:30 a.m. until 3:30 p.m. Everyone on board, from the Captain on the bridge to the firemen in the fire-room, showed the greatest interest in every detail.

The necessity of holding the steaming trials becomes evident when the ships cruise in squadrons or fleets. Distances between them must be kept fairly well, otherwise comes a reprimand from the Admiral, or, in case of carelessness, a collision. When you consider that each ship, displacing from 14,000 to

20,000 tons, has to maintain a uniform rate of speed (say 12 knots), and keep her ram within 250 yards of the stern of the ship next ahead, that some of the ships move a little faster than others, or that both propellers may not accomplish the same amount of work, then you can realize how important it is to *know your ship*. If you have not standardized you will have to guess at the number of revolutions (say 63 for 10 knots), which may be too much or too little, and then comes trouble.

Suddenly, at the close of the trials, the flagship displayed the signal of "man-overboard." Before I had a chance to come up on deck (I was below at the moment), boats had been manned from the *Vermont*, *Connecticut* and this ship. Everyone was on the lookout for the man who had so carelessly fallen overboard; but the "man" proved to be only a buoy which had been dropped from the flagship. It was meant only as a practice drill, yet it turned out to be a real one, for the *Vermont's* port boat, on the weather side, was swamped in lowering and all but five of the crew thrown into the water. It was exciting for a moment, but in a few minutes the boat was safely hoisted in and the men got aboard none the worse for their unexpected ducking.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW
OF THE KANSAS,
FROM THE FORETOP



TUESDAY, JANUARY 18TH.

Mail day at last,—and with it the first news since we left home. If you have not actually witnessed this occasion you cannot really appreciate what it means on a warship. The whole ship's company had been talking of it for a week. Would we get mail Tuesday or Wednesday? How recent the news? And this morning our surmises were quieted by a signal from the flagship that the mail would arrive at noon. Every ship had a steamer alongside the *Panther* to get their share of the eighty bags that had come, and then these raced back to their ships as fast as their little engines could push them. Everyone that got a letter, if only a bill, was happy, but the unlucky ones—well, let's forget them.

Very little took place to-day, except the actual regular routine and drills. But these are daily occurrences, of great importance to the health and efficiency of the crews. At those times, between the hours of 9:30 and 11:30, and again from 1:30 to 2:30 in the afternoon, everybody works, and there is no leisure for impressions except for the idlers—the Surgeon, Paymaster, and Chaplain. And I might as a matter of fact add myself to that

select number, for I, too, am practically ostracized during those hours of work and obliged to confine myself to my own meditations. There is no place on deck to sit, the novelty of looking on at setting up exercise wears off to some extent as the same thing is gone through week after week. I cannot go up to the Captain to chat with him whenever I see him; I cannot address the officers when they are drilling with their divisions, and still less ask questions of the men on the bridge when they are watching the other ships for signals. This work, practiced daily, is what keeps the men in such splendid condition and makes the ships the efficient fighting machines that they really are, and, consequently, when the drills are being held outsiders are requested to keep out of the way.

But though cruising on a man-o'-war may have its drawbacks, it surely has advantages that more than compensate for the trifling inconveniences you may be put to. For the seeker after knowledge, the ship's library is as complete in every detail as could be demanded; reading matter of every description is at your disposal for the asking; then there are the comfortable chairs in the ward-room, as genial a set of companions—a thou-

sand of them—about as could be found anywhere, and innumerable diversions which cause the hours to glide by unnoticed. The band plays three times a day, the piano or Victrola in the wardroom, steerage, or in the men's quarters may be called upon for entertainment at any time of day when drills or other duties are not interfered with, or an occasional game of cards may be indulged in. Then there are the mascots,—dogs and cats and what not,—to make friends with, while the men are ever ready, when the smoking lamp is lighted, to add to your pleasure and entertainment with yarns innumerable of the four seas. So there is some play after all in this busy life on board a man-o'-war.

The list of duties which fill the ship's routine would fill a page. Something is going on every half hour of the day from 5 a.m. till 9 p.m., and every drill and order is made known to the crew by bugle calls. Bugles are everlastingly blown, many at the same time; of course they are all sounding the same call, but not in the same time or in the same key. The result is especially offensive. One bugler will sound some jumble of notes, another below decks will take up the refrain with variations of his own, of course, and two or three

others try to copy the first two for a while longer. Then every man, in many cases having no ear for music, runs to his proper post and does what he is supposed to do. How they differentiate between the 101 calls that are heard at one time or another is astonishing. I tried to master them, finally learned one or two and then gave it up, until someone taught me the trick of getting hold of the refrain associated with each one. Then it was plain sailing. For instance, at the "sick bay call" I say to myself:

"Come and get your quinine, quinine,"

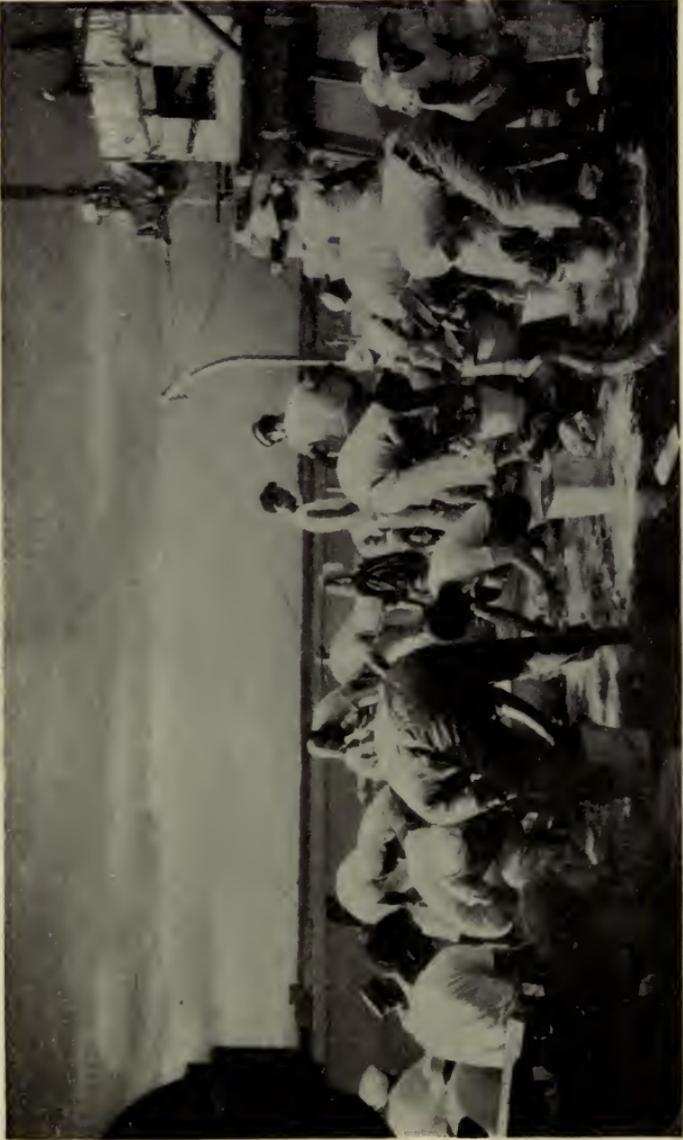
and instinctively make for the sick bay under the impression that I am ill. Or the officers' call:

"Get your sword on,
Get your sword on,"

and the mess call:

"Soupy, soupy, soup,
Without a single bean,
Porky, porky, pork,
Without a streak of lean,
Coffee, coffee, coff,
The worst 'twas ever seen."

The way the men rush to the side when the



SCRUBBING CLOTHES

swimming call sounds makes you sing to yourself:

“Bought a chicken for fifty cents,
The son of a gun jumped over the fence,”

and over you go.

But nothing could be more appropriate than the closing ceremonies of the day, when, after tattoo has sounded, taps comes, and you are lulled to sleep to the music of that beautiful melody,

“Go to sleep, go to sleep, go to sleep!”

Speaking of rivalry between ships at speed trials and target practice, you little realize how keenly interested all are even in all small matters. So far the competition has been restricted to proper distances, making turns accurately, making and answering signals. Every morning at 10 o'clock, the flags hoisted on each ship tell the number of sick and absentees, and at noon they give you the position of the ship and the amount of coal consumed in the last twenty-four hours. Everyone is on the lookout for such signals, and immediately does the news spread when your ship has beaten her consorts.

So the routine goes on, and even I have somewhat become a part of it. At certain

times I am expected to fall in at a designated station, and have a place where I must report when the Abandon-Ship drill or the general quarters are held. Otherwise I am pretty free to do much as I please.

Everyone on board has his own particular place. The Captain owns the starboard side of the quarter-deck, where none dare go unless he indicates that he would like to have someone join him. The port side belongs to the other officers,—and the Captain never goes there, although, being the Captain, he has a right to go where he pleases. The Captain has his own particular hatchway to come up on deck or go below, the wardroom officers theirs, and the junior officers theirs. One day, while still an ignoramus, I started down the Captain's hatchway; half way down I met him coming up, so I "backwatered" and waited on deck. When he came up, he looked up rather surprised and said, "Oh, I beg your pardon, I did not see you," as if he meant, "Well, don't you know any better?" At any rate, I never forgot that lesson.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 21ST.

To-day all the ships of this class held their four-hour Full Power Trials under forced



THE FULL POWER TRIALS, THE CONNECTICUT AND THE VERMONT

draft. The *Connecticut*, followed by the *Vermont*, *Kansas*, *Minnesota* and *New Hampshire*, left the bay at 6 a.m. for the eighty-mile race which was to determine which of them was to have the glory of being reputed the fastest. The ships lined up ready for a racing start. The signals from the flagship ordered 16 knots, then 17 knots, then 18, and then "all you can." With clouds of smoke pouring from all their funnels and huge white masses of foam at the bows, the ships went at it in real earnest. The line wavered as first one, then another ship led. After an hour the *Vermont* gradually dropped astern owing to the failure of her boiler feed pumps, but the others kept on even terms for over three hours. On they sped! At 9:30 we were off Santiago harbor and a short while later opposite wrecks of the Spanish fleet. About this time the *Connecticut* forged ahead, while the *Kansas* left the *New Hampshire* behind. Even at the end of the race it was a question as to who had actually won,—but the final returns showed that the *Connecticut* had outdistanced us, while we were 200 yards ahead of the *New Hampshire*. Exciting! To appreciate fully what it meant you had to be there. Everyone not occupied elsewhere was on the quarter-deck, in

spite of the smoke and cinders, to watch this trial of speed and endurance. And to those whom duty kept below word was continually sent regarding the position of the ships. It was on them that all depended, and heroically did they do their part that day. In the engine room,—a modern inferno,—oil-bespattered men, stripped to the waist, moved about silently amidst the great piston rods and crankpins, revolving at the rate of 125 turns per minute, alert and awake to every sound of the engines, while in the fire rooms the men toiled untiringly, shovelling coal and working with renewed enthusiasm whenever an encouraging bit of news came down from the bridge.

Figures mean very little, but those which we had before us at the end of the day's work spelled the history of years of continuous watchfulness and care. That three ships should, after three years' continuous hard service, including the trip around the world, exceed their original builders' trial speeds by almost a whole knot, is a record never before chronicled.

Of course we celebrated that event with due ceremony that evening. Champagne for the first time this cruise,—on the Engineer natur-

ally,—good cigars, a delicious dinner, songs a-plenty, and the Victrola. We were a happy crowd.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22ND.

We had showers, quite heavy at times, all day, so all parties for shore were discouraged from trying to "hit the beach." Saturday being a half-holiday on board ship, nothing occurred out of the ordinary. In the evening, however, we had a treat. A large raised platform was rigged up under the awning on the quarter-deck, and here after supper we enjoyed a number of good boxing bouts which the men had arranged for the general entertainment. The entire crew and all the officers were grouped on deck, in the mast, and on the turrets, to see it. It was not high-class boxing in every case, but there was no fake about it. The men went at each other in dead earnest,—and fun! we had the time of our lives. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed. People may cry against boxing in the Navy. But these bouts, with well-padded gloves, were all for sport, there was no money in it, and you could not imagine a cleaner form of amusement for all concerned.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 23RD.

Guantanamo Bay, some six miles inland from its entrance, narrows down to a small channel of moderate depth before it once more spreads out in an enormous expanse of water, which usually passes under the picturesque name of Joa Bay. Here it is that the visitor may see the ruins of an old Spanish fort, constructed years before on Toro Cay to guard this inner harbor against the intrusion of a hostile force. During the late war it figured somewhat prominently as the scene of a bombardment by some American ships-of-war. But its chief claim to fame lies in the fact that long ago, about the middle of the eighteenth century, it was made use of by the British fleet under Admiral Vernon as a base of supplies during its operations against Havana,—which shows that even in the days of old the advantages and strategic location of this admirable bay were fully appreciated.

The country all around is generally flat and swampy, but uninhabited except in two places, where docks have been erected for the accommodation of the few steamers that ply between this and other ports of call on the coast, and groups of hamlets have sprung up, to which

the names of Caimanera and Boqueron have been given. Until I saw Caimanera on the chart as the nearest settlement I had never heard of it, and I must say that I was amazed to find what a bustling terminal it was,—whenever a ship tied up to the dock.

It was eight o'clock when we came alongside the landing, having made the trip up the bay in one of the ship's steamers. Our destination was Guantanamo City, which the chart locates some seventeen miles inland on the single track railway which runs from Caimanera. We were still early, for the train, as usual, had not yet come in, and the few inhabitants that were stirring could give us no information as to the probable time of its departure. At least, that was what we gathered from the Navigator, who was the only one of the party who knew any Spanish and had therefore assumed the responsibility of personally conducting the expedition. And it was fortunate that he did, for otherwise we should never have known that that morning the train for Guantanamo did not start from the regular station but from some temporary structure some distance inland. This we finally found, by dint of judicious questioning, and before long were on our way to the metropolis of which we had

heard so much. It takes thirty minutes, schedule but not actual time, to cover the seventeen miles between these two points, at a fare of seventy-five cents for the round trip. We were interested to note that all the rolling stock of this railway was of American manufacture, some of the locomotives being acquired as recently as 1905, but the cars were old and dilapidated, and the roadbed shaky, to say the least. The system apparently suffered greatly during the insurrections which at one time were so frequent on the island, for there are evidences everywhere of wanton destruction and resulting neglect.

Guantanamo is a decided disappointment. We had heard much of what a large "city" it was, with its 25,000 inhabitants. But its size, we thought, had been greatly exaggerated, for the place did not seem large enough to accommodate half that number, and besides we "saw" it all in less than a few hours. The streets are unpaved and never swept or cleaned, the sidewalks very high above the level of the street and narrow. The houses are, as a general rule, but one story high, built of wood, and painted in vivid shades of light blue, pink, yellow, and lavender. The majority of them have tin roofs, but now tiles are

becoming the fashion. But what impresses the visitor is that the houses apparently are never closed; the windows are left wide open, and as you pass along the street you can hear the chatter of voices, or the music of a guitar and catch glimpses of the barren and ill-furnished rooms.

Guantanamo is an easy town to go about in, so we had no difficulty in finding our way to the Plaza, which, with its church, bandstand, promenades and rows of benches, occupies a prominent place not far from the station. Here it is that the people congregate in the evening, during the cool of the day, and on Sundays, after dinner, listen to the music. But at the hour of our visit, the streets were deserted, and it was difficult to discover anyone in the act of doing anything in particular. A cemetery not far off attracted our attention, and it proved to be a landmark of no little interest. In fact, it was the only thing worth while which we discovered the entire day. Monuments, vaults, and tombs innumerable covered the enclosed space. Some dated back to the earliest years of the Spanish occupation, while many more were of real architectural beauty, but all showed plainly the ravages of

time and gave evidence of the terror that in the last century existed in the island.

At one we met in the Hotel Venus, another prominent landmark, and enjoyed a refreshing and excellent meal, which was served for the moderate price of one dollar. Then we whiled away the time as best we could, and about the middle of the afternoon boarded for the return trip, the same train which had brought us up in the morning.

MONDAY, JANUARY 24TH.

Seamanship exercises were the order of the day. Everywhere about the decks the men were formed in groups receiving instruction in that all-important branch of their profession. The day was a busy one. But in the afternoon we had a thrill of excitement not advertised beforehand, which for a time had us all thoroughly aroused. It was nothing less than an anchor drill, during which a division manned one of the sailing launches and took out a five-thousand pound anchor, which had been lowered into it by means of the crane. The exercise consisted in taking it out about a hundred yards from the ship, dropping it overboard, and then getting it up again. Of course it was easy enough to let it go, but



A SEVEN-INCH GUN CREW AT LOADING DRILL

getting it up was another matter. Every means known to seamanship was tried, but to no avail. The anchor refused to budge. First they tried to haul it up over the stern of the launch, but that was smashed and the boat in danger of sinking; then an attempt was made to hoist it up through a well in the boat's bottom, but this proved futile, as the water came up over the top of the well and the launch filled with water. Finally, as a last resort, the hawser was passed up to the ship's deck and a winch was pressed into service to bring our stubborn customer to terms, but the cable only parted, and now our anchor rests on the bottom. A buoy marks its approximate resting place, and we can only hope that it is not buried *in futuram oblivionem*.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 25TH.

Last night about half past ten, when the crew were asleep and I was about to turn in, the call to Fire Quarters sounded. I had just time to reach the quarter-deck, to find the men already closing hatches, removing ventilators, and running out lines of hose. How they did it so quickly, I know not. But in two minutes and forty-seven seconds after the alarm had been given they had everything ready, and

every division had been reported to the Captain. It proved to be only a drill, however, and many a curse must have smitten the stars at this rude interruption of sweet dreams. Yet such tests of preparedness are of prime importance at sea, and it is only by holding such tests of the ship's discipline at most unexpected times that the Captain can know whether his crew is ready for emergencies or not.

Most of the day was spent searching for our lost anchor. Divers were sent down, and the bottom was dragged, but for a long time unsuccessfully. The soft bottom rendered the work of the divers extremely difficult; they could get no foothold, and it was only for short intervals they could flounder about in the slime before they had to come up to the surface again to rest. Perseverance, however, won the day. After a long search the anchor was at last located, a hawser made fast to the ring, and then the rest was easy enough.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 26TH.

Again coaling day, with about twelve hundred tons to take aboard. The *Hector*, one of the new fleet colliers with a capacity for eight thousand tons, came alongside last evening.

This is the first time the *Kansas* has coaled from one of the new colliers,—and the speed with which coal was taken aboard was consequently a great improvement over past performances. Over six hundred tons were taken on during the first three hours, starting at 5:30 a.m. Last November when this ship coaled at Hampton Roads, from the *Marcellus*, one of the relics of the Spanish War, it took fifteen hours to get twelve hundred tons on board! With the *Hector* this amount of work could be accomplished in four hours, which even then is not a record when we consider the four hundred tons an hour that some ships have taken aboard.

Well, coaling is about the dirtiest, if not *the* dirtiest work a warship can do. It seems almost a profanation of the exemplary neatness of the man-o'-war. Nevertheless, it is a job that is almost invariably performed with expedition and "neatness." When the collier comes alongside, everything is ready for the fray. Tackle and coal bags (capable of holding 800 pounds of coal), shovels, running trucks, etc., are brought up on the deck. Sections of men from each division are sent down into the collier's hold. (All the work of coaling is done by the warship's crew; the

collier men lounge about, smoke, and watch the other fellows work.) Every opening, port, hatch, ventilator, has meanwhile been tightly closed and covered, that as little dust as possible may enter places other than the bunkers. Chutes to the latter are rigged up from the upper deck down through the main and berth decks. The marines, stewards and messmen are on turrets, decks, and at the chute openings to keep the ball rolling, while in the coal bunkers the engineer force are at work stowing away the coal evenly and smoothly.

The bags of coal are filled in the collier's hold, attached to the whips, and swung up on the deck, where waiting hands grab them, and place them on running trucks to be carted across the deck or dumped down the chutes on this side. Every man goes at the work cheerfully and in a happy mood. The work is no bugbear. Far from it. The clothes worn by some of the men would lead you to believe a fancy dress party was on. The band plays gay marches and popular songs in the foremast, giving the whole a most cheerful atmosphere. Meanwhile the men go at it with a vim, black from head to foot, playing like children in snow piles,—excepting that the piles are black instead of white.

U.S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE



LIGHTHOUSE POINT, GUANTANAMO BAY

After the coaling is over, the gear is first stowed away; then the dirt cleared away, the men wash themselves and take a plunge over the side, the sides and decks of the ship are washed, holystoned and sandstoned, and in two or three hours you would never suspect what had been going on not long before.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 27TH.

To-day was "field day," which means cleaning day; the usual proceeding after coaling, and what an awful performance! Some think it worse than coaling itself. You cannot go anywhere. Water streams drench you wherever you may step, everyone is washing and cleaning, the decks are slimy with wet sand and ankle deep in water, while below all is soaking; the rooms are being scrubbed, the wardroom cleaned out, while the passageways get their share of attention. Being driven out of my quarters, I first sought refuge on deck, but in a short time found myself dodging streams of water; so I went up on the bridge, thinking that that at least would be a dry spot. But it was the worst of all. As a last resort I sought refuge in the mast, and there I stayed for at least an hour before I could descend with any degree of safety.

In the evening a party from this ship went to an Entertainment and Smoker on board the *Mississippi*, and we were quite surprised to find what an elaborate performance had been prepared for us. A large stage had been erected on the after part of the quarter-deck, with all the regulation flies and wings and upper and lower entrances. Even the drop-curtains had not been overlooked. The deck was decorated with numerous palms and green plants, and was so well disguised that you could easily have imagined yourself in a modern theatre. And the crowd! Everyone was there; the Admirals, Captains, Staff Officers, and delegations of men from each of the battleships. Several thousand must have been present. The officers sat in front, and the men behind, on the turrets, bridge, superstructure, and in the mast, which had temporarily taken the place of "nigger heaven." The boxing was very good, especially the last bout, in which the contestants were the two best lightweights in the fleet. Then followed a concert by the ship's band, that was a credit to their art, and last came the old-fashioned minstrel show, with its songs and dances, and jokes and sketches. Supper between the two halves of the programme was an elaborate affair,—everything

in the way of "eats and drinks." Each mess had its own supper; the wardroom officers went to the wardroom, the steerage in the steerage, while the crew had an elaborate spread prepared for their guests forward on the berth-deck.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 28TH.

Our peaceful slumbers were rudely interrupted at an early hour by a bugle call that sent every one scurrying up on deck. It was the signal to abandon ship. Officers and men seemed to be rushing about, and the greatest confusion appeared to reign. But to the trained eye it was only an orderly confusion, for each man was doing exactly what he was supposed to do and no one was in anyone else's way. Some were bearing water-casks, others boxes of provisions, while a great number brought quantities of arms and ammunition, which they placed in the proper place, and then again disappeared in search of what else it was their duty to provide for that particular boat. The minute I reached the deck I had gone forward of the port gangway, where the crew of the second cutter were assembling, for that was the boat to which I had been assigned for such an emergency. And then,

for the first time, I fully realized how I, too, had become a part of the ship's company, and had like the others instinctively sought my station without any "whys and wherefores." Then at the command all the boats were lowered, shoved off from the ship's side, and rowed to some distance until the general recall once more brought them alongside.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29TH.

There are many beautiful places in the world, and there are still more that are strange and picturesque to the foreigner who visits them for the first time, but few, I was told, would I find as interesting as Santiago de Cuba. So when the invitation was extended to me to join a party of officers on a short trip to that city, I did not long hesitate to take advantage of the opportunity of seeing that historic spot.

We started at eight-thirty in the morning in a pelting rain which almost dampened my enthusiasm, for the prospect of a six-hour trip on a small navy tug in such weather was not especially inviting. But the Paymaster only laughed at me and told me I would never be a real sailor if I minded the weather, with the result that when the good old *Uncas* got

THE
GREAT
RACE



A BOAT PULLING RACE

under way, shortly after breakfast, I was one of the jolly party of twenty that had embarked on the expedition. We huddled ourselves in the small chart house up forward; we were in crowded quarters, however, and it was only by admitting five chairs and no more that we all were able to find shelter from the wind and rain.

The passage down the bay was smooth enough,—it never is anything else,—but once outside we pitched and rolled as if it was a question of making a new record. The worst of it was that we had the sea and wind astern; only an ordinary ground-swell and gentle trade wind. But as the wind here never blows except from the east, we had forebodings regarding our return trip against both wind and wave, which were anything but pleasant. Six mortal hours was the time necessary to get us there; yet the distance from Guantamo Bay to Santiago is only forty miles,—or fifty-two miles, if you should happen to ask the same question of two people.

For the first quarter of the distance, the coast line is low, dull, and uninteresting, but as you go farther westward the land appears more rugged, the promontories become more abrupt, until in the neighborhood of Daiquiri

the mountains are imposing in their height. Turquino to the westward of Santiago rises eight thousand four hundred feet out of the sea, while another peak to the eastward is over five thousand feet in height. Yet there is a barren bleakness about them which, even from a distance, gives the whole a dismal setting.

Daiquiri is sixteen miles east of Morro Castle, and owes its prominence in history to the fact that it was the point where most of the American troops under General Shafter landed in 1898 for their operations against Santiago. Looking from the sea you almost wonder that they ever attempted a landing there at all. The approach to Santiago appears impossible. But they say that once on shore trails by the dozen are to be found that will lead you to the promised land. That may be so, but I was not the least tempted to verify my informant's statements after my recent experiences on Cuban soil.

Then as we sped on, at the remarkable speed of eight knots, we sighted the entrance to Santiago harbor, where only twelve years before history had been made. Viewed from the sea the entrance is a distinct disappointment,—for the simple reason that you can hardly see it. It is almost hidden in the outline of the

shore. Yet its position is revealed to the mariner from a distance by the remarkable valley that lies between the lofty peaks of the Cobre Mountains I have just mentioned, one of which, Turquino, may on a clear day be seen even from Jamaica. Entering the harbor, we passed into the narrow and tortuous channel. Above us on the right towered historic Morro, with its terraced fortifications, while to the left were scattered the many batteries that had at one time or another been erected by the Spaniards when invasion threatened. The harbor indeed does make an ideal strategic base, with every advantage for defense that nature can provide, but of questionable value owing to the facility with which it could be "bottled up" by the same means that Hobson once tried. Farther up the harbor widens out into a large bay, at the end of which lies the city, resting on the side of the gentle slope.

I had naturally expected to find Santiago an interesting place, replete with the history of that heroic defense, the marks of which are still to be seen on the bleak hills surrounding the city. Once on shore we made the best of our way,—in a carriage, of course, as it was very hot and the street led up a steep hill,—to the Hotel Casa Grande, which is considered

by many the best native hotel in Cuba. First we enjoyed a hearty luncheon, which I must say was greatly appreciated, our last meal having been some seven hours before. Then we sat around, and watched other people do the same. For in the daytime the Plaza is deserted. In vain we looked for the promenaders. Their hour had not yet come. "But if the gentlemen would only be patient, and wait until the evening, then they would see a wonderful sight," our affable proprietor informed us. So we sat a while longer on the veranda, and contemplated that Plaza, which in so few hours would reveal to us the charms of the out-of-door evening life which is such a feature of existence in these tropical countries. At the north lay the cathedral, with its ancient towers, while on either side of the Plaza were the two prominent hotels and a number of the more beautiful private residences. The garden was crowded with palms and flowering shrubs, while the walks and benches filled the intervening space under the shade of the trees.

Santiago indeed proved more of an evening city than any I had heretofore seen. At seven the entire scene had changed. There was music, and the Plaza had been transformed into a veritable place of assembly for the entire



SEEN FROM ALOFT: THE QUARTER-DECK OF THE KANSAS

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population. The walks were thronged with Santiago's fair ones, while all along the promenades were rows of chairs, where the people sat laughing and talking.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 30TH.

To have left Santiago without seeing Morro Castle would have been to miss the most picturesque sight in southern Cuba. So at an early hour we hired a carriage and took the road which leads out to that historic fortress. The first part of the journey lay across a very wild country, thick with underbrush, which ascends gradually to the summit of the range of hills that surround the harbor and connect the city with the castle. The scenery is very beautiful, and when once you reach the object of your visit a most impressive panorama unfolds before your eyes. High above the sea, overlooking the narrow channel and only a stone's throw from the opposing shore, stands Morro. On either side the tortuous channel is flanked by batteries built centuries ago, in 1664, while in the far background are those same lofty mountains which are to be seen from everywhere. It is really superb. The castle itself is fascinating. Built on the edge of a cliff,—its lower chambers and dun-

geons hollowed out of the rock, and above these its intricate passages, courtyard, moat, bridge and high battlements,—it impresses you most deeply.

Thanks to our guide, one of the *Rurales* on garrison duty, nothing passed unnoticed. But as he knew only Spanish, and we none at all, we experienced some difficulty in understanding him until he had the happy inspiration of resorting to some sort of sign language. We saw the room where Hobson was imprisoned, the marks on the walls where the shells from the American blockading fleet struck, the ancient guns and old wooden carriages, and the cell with its trapdoor in the floor through which Cuban political prisoners were wont to “disappear” into the sea below.

At noon we were back in the city again, and at one-thirty on board the *Uncas*, ready for the return trip. But for some reason we never got under way until three o'clock. Just before casting off the Paymaster and I decided it would be wise to lay in a store of provisions in case we should become hungry before the tug arrived at Guantanamo Bay. We ran to a nearby *buvette* in search of a bite, and to our delight found a fine ham and some bread, which would be just the thing for the whole party.

But the Cubano wanted four dollars, *oro americano*, for the ham alone, so we told him he could keep his ham, and go to the devil, too, for all we cared.

We did care, however, before we reached home, and many a time wished we had spent our coin for that ham. The trip was anything but pleasant. Long! Six mortal hours (we got in only after nine), with nothing to eat since noon, no comfortable place to sit or stand, the tug rocking and tossing about like a cork and shipping green seas over her chubby bow. She made such heavy weather that the Boatswain had to slow her down. Everyone was tired, hungry and grumpy, and when we finally stepped on board our respective ships, we vowed we would never again leave them for any excursion trips on navy tugs.

MONDAY, JANUARY 31ST.

"Blue Monday!" For at eight began the first of the dreaded Admiral's Inspections. Not that we feared the results, but because they interrupted our peaceful "home life." It was "Day A," devoted to "materiel, personnel, organization and drills (fire, collision, abandon ship, and divisional)." The inspection began at nine and was divided into seven

periods. The Admiral and his Board, consisting of about sixteen officers from the other ships, came aboard in royal style. Not a nook or corner, from truck to double-bottoms, escaped their eagle eyes. Everything underwent a searching examination, and I am sure that I too was an object for inspection, though I did my level best to keep out of sight. Then divisional drills of every kind were held, and other drills followed until I thought the end would never come. But they say that we weathered the storm in a most seamanlike manner, and that the examining officers were seen to mark "excellent" opposite the names of a majority of the "events," so that we are doubly grateful now that it is all over.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 1ST.

Having successfully passed the searching inspection, we settled down to our regular schedule again. At seven, two of the divisions went ashore with one of the three-inch field pieces for target practice among the hills, where they unlimbered, and it seems had a most busy time obliterating an obstinate target on a distant hillock. I had intended to accompany them, but when the Major



THE KANSAS'S BATTALION ENCAMPING ON DEER POINT

asked me to go ashore with him to reconnoitre some country over which it was proposed to hold manœuvres and brigade drills during the next few weeks, I gladly assented and postponed my other plan to some future day. Our "hike" proved of great educational value. We learned the lay of the land, and when we returned on board some hours later felt that we really understood what the charts were about and could talk intelligently on the subject.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 2ND.

At an early hour we had General Quarters, and this time more extensively than on any other occasion during this cruise. The guns were manned, magazines opened, ammunition hoists brought into service, and ranges transmitted to the sight-setters, as on the day of battle. It was a most interesting exercise to watch, and later when they gathered in the wardroom to talk it over everyone appeared pleased at the excellent showing.

In the afternoon the First Squadron indulged in a Brigade Drill on shore. This meant the disembarking of the entire landing forces of six ships—both bluejackets and

marines—at the signal from the flagship. It was the first time this year this exercise had been gone through, but as every man evidently knew exactly what he was supposed to do, things went pretty smoothly. The object of the expedition was to occupy the range of hills in the rear of the target range and fortify them against a hostile force, which was supposed to be attempting a landing on the sea side. The several divisions of the regiment went their way by different trails, and within an hour had entrenched themselves among the hills, whence they completely covered the landing places. We could see the Admiral off the shore in the *Yankton*, impersonating the enemy, and trying to discover its defenders. But I doubt whether his eagle eye discerned anyone, for we were pretty well screened by every bit of cover we could find. Then, having accomplished the object of this exercise, we headed towards home and as usual retraced our steps in record-breaking time. Everyone seemed to be in the best of spirits. All had enjoyed the “hike” and as we crowded the deck after dinner to laugh at a new set of “movies” that had just come aboard, it was evident that our constitutional had done us a lot of good.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3RD.

Long before the breakfast hour, the fleet put to sea in order to obtain tactical data for the intelligent direction of the ships as units of the fighting fleet. The First Squadron steamed to the eastward, while the second and this ship went in the opposite direction. Turning trials were held by all the ships in pairs, one acting as pivot while the other went through the exercises. We did ours with the *Idaho*, and about noon, when it was all over and we were no longer needed, we gladly took leave of the "strangers" and went in search of the flagship, on board of which such of our officers as could be spared were holding "Admiral's Inspection Day C" (Cleared for Action Underway). We finally found her some twenty miles up the coast, and then began the tedious task of getting our officers back to this ship. A heavy ground-swell made the exercise all the more thrilling, but everyone seemed to have a good eye, and excellent judgment in making the leap for the whaleboat, so that no one got a bath, and we were soon under way in single column with the rest of the Squadron in search of the other ships that were playing the rôle of the enemy's fleet. About two we sighted

them, cleared for action, trained our guns on them, and carried out every exercise as in actual battle, except that no shots were fired. The two squadrons manœuvred for position, while the umpires kept a careful watch of all movements, and ordered such ships as in their opinion had been disabled by gunfire to drop out of the line of battle.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 4TH.

All of last night we were at sea cruising in the Windward Passage. Why I do not know; the Admiral never told us his reason for the change of front. Perhaps he thought we would like the change, and I must say that if that was his idea he read our thoughts rather successfully. As if to make sure that he had judged us correctly at the time of our last inspection, he once more came aboard this morning to confirm his opinion as to the preparedness of this ship for war, and we consequently had to go through the ordeal of clearing the ship for action. At five the men began the thorough task; I know the hour because the noise they made unshipping things was enough to wake even the soundest sleeper,—which means me. On deck everything movable was taken down and stowed below; davits, boats, railings, flag-

staffs, and ventilators, all disappeared down the hatches, while below decks such objects as could be dispensed with in battle were labeled "Overboard in Action," which, by the way, was a tag that the practical jokers had great fun affixing on the backs of their unsuspecting victims. When the inspection commenced, at nine o'clock, the crew were at their quarters, and all was in readiness. Then the drill began; everything was done under as near battle conditions as possible; the ship was steered from the conning tower, and officers were all at their battle stations. Of course I, too, had to have a post, so the Executive Officer designated me as his aide in the Central Station, and here I had the opportunity of seeing this important part of the ship's equipment for battle, the central for all the telephones and voice-tube systems in action, as also the location of the emergency hand steering-gear. We were under the shelter of the protective deck, far below the water line, where few shells would find their way in time of battle. Three hours was I there, not daring to show myself elsewhere for fear of meeting one of the inspecting officers, but the time passed quickly enough, and we soon were on deck listening to all the amusing things that had happened,

for the bluejacket always has a keen sense of humor and something to say that will make the worst gloom forget his thoughts.

It seems that while the inspection was going on, it occurred to one of the inspecting officers to look into the engineers' washroom to see that no one was lurking. Of course he had to find a victim, a coal-passer, whose real station during this particular drill was certainly not there. In answer to the natural question, the unfortunate man said he did not know, but he had the presence of mind to add that he had been told to stay there, in the washroom, to keep others from coming in, and so he was just there. But the best of all happened up on the berth-deck, where the 7-inch guns were being worked during the General Quarters drill. They say that in the course of the "battle" one of the gun pointers was suddenly informed by the inspecting officer that all his gun-crew, except himself, had been killed, and that he was asked what he would do to continue his piece in action. Without a word he rushed to the ammunition hoist, grabbed the shell and powder-bags, rammed them into the breech, closed the latter, trained the gun from the trainer's platform, ran around to his own station, pointed the gun and then fired it,—



THE SMALL-ARMS RANGE AT GUANTANAMO BAY

all to the astonishment of the officer, who was utterly unprepared for such an exhibition of presence of mind. It goes without saying that he gave the man full credit for what he had done, and complimented him highly; only he took the liberty of suggesting to him that it would perhaps have been somewhat less strenuous and exhausting, as well as much more advisable, to have sought a relief gun-crew!

After dinner "Battle Plan No. 1" was resumed, except that the positions of the squadrons were reversed, and the same problems worked over as yesterday. Only the simplest manœuvres were indulged in, designed especially to give practice to the fire-control party, the range finder operators, and those working the telephone systems, and when the engagement had been brought to a successful close, we all returned to our anchorage in the bay, where we found the *Virginia*, which had just come from the States.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5TH.

Another "field day," and all morning the men paddled about barefooted in the streams of water that flooded the decks. Cleanliness is indeed a sort of fetish in the Navy.

Then at ten-thirty came the usual "Quarters," after which guard mount took place and the "sailor guard" turned this duty over to the marines. In former years this duty of sentries and orderlies, and parading the guard was always performed by the marines, who were looked upon somewhat in the light of the old Swiss guards, a sort of protection to the throne, but not long ago the Secretary of the Navy decided that it would not hurt the bluejackets to try their hand at it, so an order appeared which upset all traditions in the service and which directed that henceforth a detachment of bluejackets should perform the duty for at least a month in every quarter of the year. Of course no one liked the idea. It was outrageous. And the wonder is that it succeeded at all, for if anything is an impossibility it is trying to make a soldier out of a sailor. But the quarterly duty is over now, at least for the next three months; so everyone on board is happy again,—the sailors because they are through with it, and the marines because they are once more doing what they always have considered their duty and privilege on ship-board.

Of course this dislike and aversion of Navy men to doing anything which they considered

the lot of the soldier came in for a warm discussion in the mess at dinner time. Everyone had something to say on the subject. But by far the most entertaining of the many tales we listened to was the one of how the middies of 1850 received the order that for the first time subjected them to "soldiering." For them it was a clean break with the past. Never before had they been called upon to do such work. But the Department seemed to consider the matter in another light, and in due time decreed that the new system should be introduced at the Academy. Their drill-master was a former West Pointer, a gifted and able man, but unfortunately handicapped in that he was a bad stutterer. The poor midshipmen hated the menial duty and longed for an opportunity of showing their displeasure in some effective manner. Finally the long looked for chance came. For one fine day, as the battalion was parading along the Severn River, they executed a movement which brought them face to face with the water; they were rapidly nearing it,—when lo! the poor Professor's voice failed him, and before he could utter a command the entire detachment plunged into the water and buried their muskets in the muddy bottom.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 7TH.

There is nothing like taking advantage of opportunities, for experience in the past has already only too well taught me that when I refuse to do so, I usually have good cause for regret. So when I was awakened this morning at the cheerful hour of five o'clock (two bells, I should have said), I tried to forget the fact that it was a most unusual hour for me to be getting up, and dressed as quickly as possible, as a steamer from the *Connecticut* was already alongside ready to begin the daily morning duty of going to market at Caimanera. For this is a most important event in the daily life of the mess, one on the success of which much depends, simply because it means fresh fruits and vegetables. One of our midshipmen has become possessed with the idea that to make this tour of duty is the greatest joy in life, so all who in the past have had to do it much against their will, have hailed him as a deliverer and he never yet has had to fight for his place. Apparently he tired of making the trip with just mess stewards as companions, for he asked me if I would not join him. It was wonderful, he said. The most beautiful time of day! And then to think of



ON THE FIRING LINE

that breakfast which Sung-Lee daily prepared for him on the veranda of the small restaurant at Caimanera! How could I resist? Well, to be frank, I didn't. I simply went, enjoyed the experience, and wasted the good part of an hour doing nothing, and then returned to the fleet. It was all very nice, and I would have been glad that I had gone, if by doing so I had not missed a most interesting phase of the ship's drills. For it seems that while we were at our ease on Sung-Lee's charming veranda the torpedo and several other divisions had left for Granadillo Bay to lay a mine-field. But it didn't do any good to make myself unhappy about it, so I sought solace in the steerage, where one of the midshipmen comforted me by explaining all I had not seen.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 8TH.

One subject that has for some time engaged everyone's attention is gunnery and target practice. In about two months the fleet will be engaged in record practice,—each gun-crew doing its best before the eyes of the entire Navy and each ship out to win the trophy. People may cry against the annual expenditure of such large sums of money for this expensive pastime, as some are pleased to call

it, but it is an absolute necessity. What is not generally known, however, is that the training which leads up to target practice and enables the pointers to make the records does not cost the Government one cent in ammunition. Instead a most ingenious device has been invented, which, applied to the gun, simulates the action of the ship, steaming at high speed in a heavy sea, and the pointer is thus enabled to have practice in keeping his piece on a moving target. A small card, pierced by an electrically operated needle every time he presses the trigger, registers the accuracy of his aim, and thus gives an indication to the officer in charge whether the man has fired when he was "on" or not. This is what is called "dotter practice." It is the real secret of the new system of naval gunnery and of the remarkable records recently made. But it is nothing new. The English and French navies used such a device as early as 1863, but it apparently went into disuse and for years remained forgotten.

Yet however valuable this method of training is, it can never wholly supersede target practice under actual service conditions. The pointers' nerves are in no way affected when they press the noiseless trigger of the dotter.

But when the pressing of that same trigger will cause the explosion of hundreds of pounds of powder and a violent recoil of the pieces at their sides, their nerves will be so highly strung that all previous "noiseless" training will have been in vain.

But this is only one side of this important training. For no sooner is this drill over than the rest of the gun-crew are exercised at loading with dummy projectiles and powder-bags. Daily they become more proficient, avoiding false moves and making every step with a precision that in the end becomes machine-like. It is as pretty a sight as you can wish for to see those crews at work, while to the men it becomes a sport in which competition between several gun-crews is something to be seen, not read about.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 9TH.

There are many drills that fill the daily routine of the battleship from one end of the year to the other, but none is more interesting than that which follows the order, "Landing force, Away!" Such an order was flown from the Admiral's signal halyards this noon, and before any perceptible interval of time had elapsed, a dozen or more boats had left the

ship's side, all crowded with men, fully equipped, with emergency-rations for two days, armed with boat-guns and Colt automatics, ammunition in plenty, medicine-chests,—everything, in fact, that the regulations had provided to render them capable of independent action. Then began their swift onrush towards the beach, the momentary check at the water's edge, the torrent of men in white pouring over the bows, and the sudden disappearance from view of the loose-knit line of skirmishers into the jungle beyond. So perfectly had it all been done that the detail involved was in the instant forgotten, and it was only later when I saw the manuscript books that each officer had in his possession, giving the name, station, and duties of every man of the thousand on board under all conceivable contingencies, that I began to realize how beautifully the machinery of the ship's organization had been adjusted and how admirably it worked to the ordered, effortless end.

This is the second time our landing force has been ashore within the past month. How strange it seems to use bluejackets on *terra firma*. Yet it is nothing new. Often, in the past, have our sailors been called upon to take the part of and act with soldiers in fighting

ashore. Even where the Navy has had no actual hand in the operations, it still has been back of the Army and co-operating with it. The enemy may not have had a single ship, yet the Navy has acted in the field against him. In China, Mexico, South America, Samoa, Egypt, the Philippines, and Corea, such was the case. And it has always been the Navy that has first been called upon in emergencies.

In the evening we had our first Searchlight Drill. And a very strict affair it was, too. At the word of command the switches of the lighting circuit were thrown out; the ship was in utter darkness, and even the battle ports had to be closed lest a ray of light from the inside should show to the watchful enemy. Only battle-lanterns were allowed and these glimmered like glow-worms in the inky blackness. Below, the water-tight doors were tightly shut, completely isolating the several compartments of the ship's hull, while everyone moved about stealthily, talking in whispers, as if the crucial moment were actually at hand. Then the *ardois* on the flagship began to twinkle the message of command. Simultaneously every searchlight on each of the sixteen ships was turned on, and ninety-six rays of light began to sweep the horizon in an

endeavor to pick up the enemy. The strictest rules governed the entire drill, for should any beam of light traverse its neighbor, the effectiveness of both would be momentarily yet seriously impaired. For half an hour the thrilling exhibition continued, and just as I was really beginning to appreciate the beauty of it, the lights suddenly went out, and there remained only the ships of the fleet lying quietly at anchor with only the regulation lights showing and nothing at all to indicate that anything out of the ordinary had recently happened.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 10TH.

In the morning, we again went to sea, and till noon idled away the hours acting as stake-boat for the *Vermont*, which had decided to have her turn at holding turning trials. We remained stationary, like a log on the water, while she circled round and round us, tooting her whistle every half minute, and running signal flags up and down. To many this may have seemed a wasteful performance. From many parts of the deck it did, but you had only to go up on the bridge, where the officers and signal division had taken their places, to realize that it was not a mere pastime that

was being indulged in. It was more than that. The observations that were there being made and the data that were being compiled were some day to be of vital importance to the officers of the *Vermont* to enable them to *know their ship* and to appreciate her capabilities. For in time of action much would depend on whether the Officer-of-the-Deck knew what was her tactical diameter, what her advance, what it would be with the inner screw backed, or whether another vessel or a shoal could be better avoided by backing or turning or both, or in what time or what way a man overboard could be picked up most quickly. Ships, like human beings, have their peculiarities, and it is only by going through such exercises, however monotonous and trivial, that those in charge can learn their ways, study their effects, and know how to make proper use of both when the emergency arises.

This exercise completed, we formed in order of battle and at two bells resumed our battle plan exercises where we had left off last week. When the novelty of watching these manœuvres had worn off, I crawled into the after 12-inch turret, where the crews were having their loading drills. There is just room for the men to work the huge piece, but I managed to

squeeze myself in a corner where I would not be in the way. Then I was able to contemplate the wonders of this steel-walled pen by the dim light of the battle lanterns. Before me were the breech-mechanism and recoil-cylinders of one of the great guns,—the other being hidden by a steel bulkhead,—while immediately in the rear of the breech was the ammunition hoist that brought the great shells and powder-bags up from the depths below and the rammer that shoved them into the breech. Every man was at his station, and the way each performed his particular duty was a revelation. At the word of command, the trap door to the handling room opened its steel jaws, up rushed the ammunition car into place before the breech, which had meanwhile been opened, in went the 860-pound shell and the heavy powder-bags. Before I realized what had happened the breech was closed, the car had disappeared, the shutter below had again been shut, the plugman had inserted the primer,—and the piece was ready. The trainer and pointers were at their places in the sighting hoods, their eyes glued to the telescopesights, while behind them stood the sight-setters, their heads lost in telephone head-pieces, ready at a moment's notice to make the all-

important changes in the range and deflection. Time after time the gun was loaded, without the slightest misstep or false move,—and then you realized the real significance of that magic word, “Drill,” and appreciated the importance of those few hours that are each day set aside for it in the routine of every ship in the Navy.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11TH.

As usual, turning trials and battle exercises were again the order of the day. But the novelty has somewhat worn off by now. However, my opportunity to learn something more about my ship came later in the day, when the Executive Officer invited me to accompany him on his weekly round of inspection. Needless to say I jumped at the chance and precisely at the stroke of eight bells started with the little procession, consisting of the Executive, the Surgeon, two junior officers, the Chief Master-at-Arms, and others of less note. From the officers' quarters we went down to the berth-deck, thence into the storerooms, the torpedo-rooms, up and down ladders, through narrow passageways closed by water-tight doors, which seemed to open and shut like the secret panels of old. Then came the

steering engine and dynamo-rooms, the ammunition handling rooms, chain and paint lockers, crew's washrooms, pantries and galleys, not to mention the ship's hospital, operating room and "brig." Nothing seemed to escape the officers' keen glances. "What was the matter with that condenser yesterday morning?" the Commander ejaculated as we turned a corner and descended to the next deck. I hadn't noticed the man at all.

Indeed, I was more appalled than ever at the complexity of the huge machine. And yet in the short time that the inspection lasted we had visited only a few of the essential parts of the ship's hold. The huge spaces devoted to boiler-rooms, engine-rooms, double-bottoms, had remained unexplored, but these did not come within the scope of that afternoon's inspection. Nevertheless, when I returned again to the officers' quarters, whence we had started, I felt that it would be many days before I should be able to fully appreciate the significance of that long series of instantaneous impressions of internal naval life.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 14TH.

"Collision Quarters!" The shriek of the siren called every man to his station on the



Photo by G. W. Seib

"DICK" ENJOYING HIS BREAKFAST

run. For no other command demands such instant and implicit obedience as the call of this moaning signal. It was only a drill, yet the superb discipline that ever characterizes the service sent officers and men to their posts with a rapidity that bore witness to months of practice. Between decks the "general alarm" gong was clanging, buglers were sounding the command, "To collision quarters," and hundreds of men were hurrying about, some up on the fore-castle to help check the inrushing water, others below to close the water-tight doors that separate the several compartments of the vessel's hold below the water line. The whole ship was alive from the very double-bottoms to the upper deck. Deep down in her bowels the engineers, firemen, and coal-passers were at their posts, ready to do their duty; forward in the "sick bay" the hospital corps were caring for the helpless unfortunates, who unaided could not escape; while amidships the Master-at-Arms hurried to the "brig" and released the prisoners from their cells of confinement. On the main deck the men of the fourth division,—one of the seven "gun divisions" into which the ship's company is divided,—dragged the heavy collision mat to the rail and lowered it over the side where the

lower end was hauled into place over the supposed hole in the hull by a reeving line passed beneath the keel. In extreme cases the "diving party" are called upon to assist the men on deck, but usually the mat can be adjusted without the diver's help, and with it in place, the inrush of water is sufficiently checked to allow the rent to be repaired from within. The whole work had been performed in less than ten minutes. There had been no confusion; each man knew exactly what to do, and not one had failed to perform his duty the minute the shrill siren had shrieked its warning.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16TH.

"Admiral's Inspection Day D" was on the schedule this morning, so all the ship's boats were called away early and spent the entire forenoon drilling under sail and oars, in obedience to signals from the flagship. It was indeed a pretty sight to see those many sails in the bay, and one that reminded you more of regatta days at Marblehead than of the warlike training that called us here.

Then later on the landing forces went ashore for the third time this week for Brigade Drill. They landed at Hicical Beach, formed on the

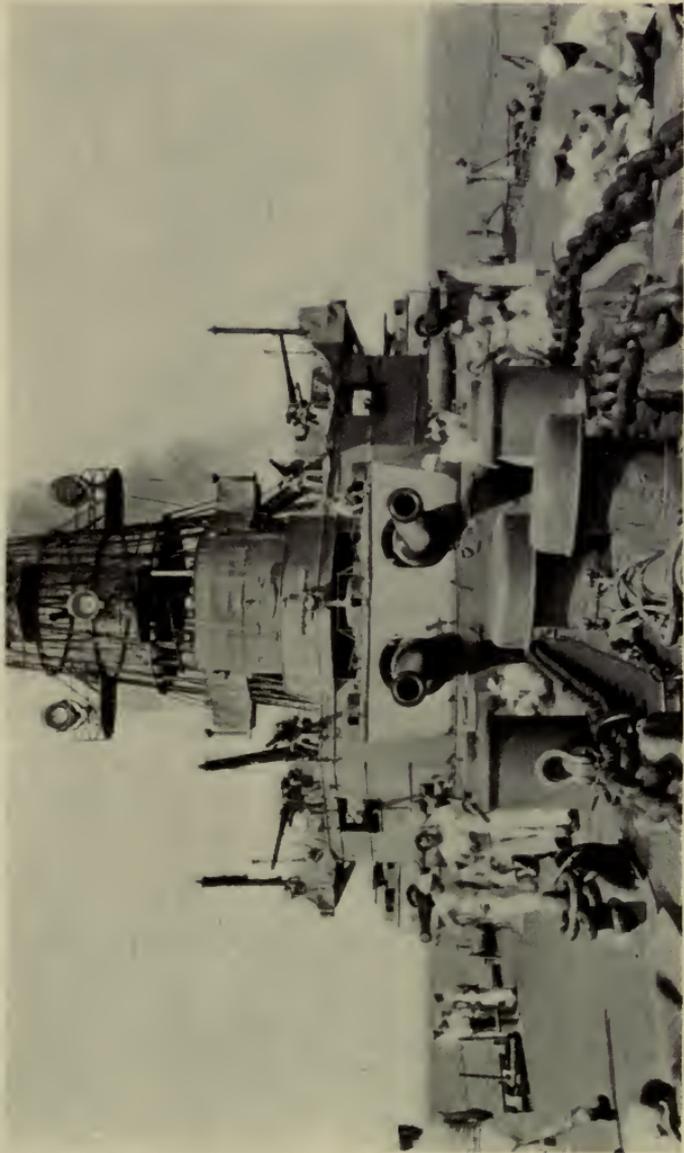
flats near the shore, and disappeared from view in the underbrush beyond. For once I did not accompany them, and as it turned out I had a rather fortunate escape. The officer commanding the brigade, it seems, apparently had neglected to study the indispensable chart, or else was inspired with some devilish scheme, for they say that he marched his command right through a maze of mangroves in mud into which the men sank up to their knees, and often much deeper. For over an hour they struggled on, only to find themselves face to face with an unfordable lake. Several of the men were lost and had to be saved from a muddy grave by rescue parties. "It was a fine party, it was!" exclaimed the corporal of marines. Yet it is only by experience that one learns, and perhaps this was the experience our leader needed to impress upon him the importance of reconnoitering beforehand and the inadvisability of attempting any such exploring expeditions in the future. Still the men all appeared to have enjoyed their "hike," even though they had had a hard time of it, and the tales they poured into the listening ears of those who had not gone apparently had no discouraging effects upon the latter, except to make them wish that they had been able to go too.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17TH.

Again we went to sea for turning trials in the forenoon and the all-important "Battle Plan" exercises in the afternoon. And they say that since these manœuvres have been held the fighting value of the fleet has been increased 50 per cent. For the gun-fire of a ship in action is far more dependent upon her proper handling than is usually supposed, and the handling of these mighty battleships in a tumbling sea is no easy matter, especially when fifteen or more others are about you wheeling, shooting ahead, backing, and stopping. It is then that you realize what the failure properly to read a signal, or a slight mishap to the steering gear, may mean. Yet confidence comes only from experience, and hence the necessity for the constant exercises which familiarize the officers with the danger, and fit them to meet emergencies when everything will depend on the prompt execution of an order.

It seemed like old times to have the *Vermont* turning circles about us once more, but it was not for long. Something more important was on the programme of the day. What, I had not the time to ask. The *Kansas's* sister-ship

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LOOKING AFT FROM THE FORECASTLE

had come up alongside, so close that we thought only of how soon they would come together. But it was no hostile intent that brought her so near, only a friendly spirit of charity. For we were supposed to be helpless, our engines broken down, and utterly unable to escape from the windward coast. By us she slipped, and as she crossed our bows she trailed a buoy over our ram where waiting hands could grapple it. A cable was passed to her through our hawse-hole, forty-five fathoms of chain were paid out, and then the tow-line was ready. Slowly then she started ahead. The strain on the cable was tremendous; many expected to see it part, but it held, and before long we were being towed about at various speeds and on varying courses. The exercise was a complete success, and also of surpassing interest as a novelty.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19TH.

Painting day, so it has not been a pleasant time to be on board. You could not go anywhere without besmearing yourself with "war-paint," or "nearpaint," as they call it in the Navy. And besides, everyone has been busied with the preparations for going into camp. Arms, ammunition, tents, mess-gear, and what

not, have all been collected for the early start on the morrow, when the entire division is to go on shore for a fortnight's "soldiering."

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 20TH.

At ten we were off for Deer Point. The ship's battalion, consisting of four companies of bluejackets and one of marines, left in our flotilla of small boats and made for the shore, where the landing forces of the *Connecticut*, *Virginia* and *Missouri* joined us. Then the real work of the day began. Boats had to be unloaded, camping sites chosen, tents pitched, ammunition stored, provisions landed, and, last but not least, dinner cooked. In an hour everything was about as shipshape as could possibly have been desired. The several ships' battalions occupied the sites allotted them, and each laid out its encampment in a model way. On the right were the officers' and company commanders' tents, to the left those of their men. The companies had their own streets, the kitchens their particular locations to leeward, while at a distance incinerators were erected.

The men seemed to take a certain pride in making their tents look attractive and comfortable. A large pile of lumber and empty boxes

near at hand quickly vanished before the onslaught of a self-appointed foraging party. Closets, shelves, racks, tables, benches, sprang up with amazing rapidity, while from the jungle in the distance came others bearing palms, trees, coral stones, and rocks, with which they laid out miniature gardens in front of their dilatory domiciles.

Then at two o'clock dinner was announced, and we needed no urging to make us eat. Fortunately our mess caterer had anticipated the unusual demand of the occasion, so we were fully provided for. And as on shipboard we all had our separate mess. The men of each battalion messed together, the marines kept to themselves in solitary grandeur, and the officers had their own little mess tent. Our "Battalion Mess" comprises sixteen members, which to some may be a small number, but it seems that the first meal has already served to convince the caterer that this is not so.

On the whole, we are very comfortable. Our camping site is ideal, situated on a high bluff, twenty feet above the water line, and with inlets on three sides, we get the full benefit of the fresh trades that are ever with us. Guard mount entertained us at five. The massed bands of all the ships in camp furnished the

music, while the marines and a section of sailors from each battalion went through the usual routine.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 21ST.

In the tropics the days may be hot, fiercely hot, but our first night on shore proved to us conclusively that between sundown and sunrise the temperature undergoes a marked change. A sudden breeze seemed to spring up from the sea, the coolness of the night air almost chilled us and we thanked our stars that we had listened to the advice of our elders when they urged double blankets for the sojourn on shore.

My dreams were interrupted by the unwelcome sound of reveille. Five buglers were sounding the imperative command. And alas, it had to be obeyed. So I jumped up, and joined the crowd that was making towards the boat-landing for the morning swim in the refreshing waters of the bay. It was still night. The heavens were filled with stars, the moon was shining brightly. It was only five o'clock! There was a certain fascination about this early rising in the darkness of the night, and seeing the gradual awakening and stir of the camp. Breakfast was eaten by lamplight.



COALING SHIP—AS
SEEN FROM THE
FORETOP. THE
COLLIER HECTOR
ALONGSIDE THE
KANSAS

But by the time the start was made for the range the sun was up, and it had begun to get warm. All day long, from seven in the morning until sunset, we were on the rifle- and pistol-ranges. About five hundred were shooting at one time, while as many more were doing duty as markers and scorers. The firing was incessant; you might almost have imagined a battle in progress. Over the hills, not half a mile away, the *New Jersey's* field guns were booming on the artillery range, while near by a detachment from one of the other divisions was being run on the skirmish range. It was realistic, to say the least.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 22ND.

Washington's Birthday entitled us to a holiday, so we rose an hour later than usual and omitted all routine work. It was a real day off. The ships were dressed shortly after colors, while at noon a national salute was fired to commemorate the occasion. As there was nothing to keep us in camp, the Surgeon and I shouldered our shotguns and went out in search of some game. Unfortunately, however, we did not get started until well after seven, thanks to the late breakfast, so that by the time

we struck the trail back of the range most of the birds had already left it. Our route lay through thickly grown country, with the usual tall grass and small trees. For three miles the way was comparatively easy. But once beyond the reservation boundary fence, the trail became indistinguishable and we found ourselves lost in the midst of a jungle of grass and cactus. Yet we pushed on. A salt water lake, some miles further, where guinea hens were said to abound, was too great a temptation to resist. But we arrived on the scene too late; the sun was already high in the heavens, the birds had retired for the midday siesta, and although we tried our best to scare them up, they refused to come out of their hiding-places, and we were forced to swallow our disappointment and retrace our steps down the trail. It was a weary plod back to camp, but once there a good swim in the cool waters of the bay and a hearty meal revived our drooping spirits, and inspired us with tales that would have made our listeners gaze in wonder, had we but had the evidence to prove our veracity.

In the afternoon the weather changed markedly from what it had been in the morn. A gale of wind sprang up, the air became cold and chilly, and winter seemed at hand. But



THE BASEBALL DIAMOND AT GUANTANAMO BAY

undaunted by the elements, marines and blue-jackets made their best of the memorable day. Sports of all kinds were indulged in. There were track games, boat races, swimming contests, and ball games. Hundreds took part in the contests, while those who had not entered cheered them on to better efforts and lent a picturesqueness to the scene that was indeed unique. The hillocks about the diamonds were white with officers and men, while the baselines were crowded with the sympathizers of the two teams. Everyone was there. And the interest never flagged. The greatest attraction, however, proved to be the ball game between the teams of the *Nebraska* and *New Hampshire*, which at present lead their respective squadron leagues. And what a bully game they played. Brilliant plays followed in such rapid succession that the spectators were kept on their feet and cheering to the echo. It was wonderful ball, of league caliber, and anyone's game until the last man had been thrown out.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 23RD.

Work started again in real earnest, and after an early rising and hearty breakfast

everyone proceeded to the range for the day's firing. The person who discovered this place and decided upon its merits certainly deserves much credit. It is the natural site for a small-arms target range, and even if a selection had been considered, none better could have been chosen. There are approximately three hundred targets, for all ranges, from two hundred to a thousand yards for rifle firing, and fifteen to fifty yards for pistol practice. Then there are skirmish ranges and artillery ranges, which cost only the expense of constructing the butts, targets and pits. And the result has been the finest small-arms target range in the world.

It is to use this range to its utmost capacity that the fleet makes such a prolonged stay in these waters. All day long, hundreds of officers and men may be seen practicing under the broiling sun, bent on bettering their score and apparently oblivious to the heat. In this way the men are given the finest training they possibly could have, and it has been a pleasure to observe the spirit which characterizes their work.

Then in the afternoon the Admiral came ashore, and the range was converted into a parade ground and battlefield. For hours the

inspection continued. First a review, in the most approved style; then drills and exercises innumerable, and finally a thrilling sham battle, which proved anything but tame. It was truly inspiring, and I must say that I fully agreed with the inspecting officer who expressed the opinion that the men had "batted the eye out of the inspection."

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25TH.

On the firing line all was serious to-day, as record firing was being held. The instruction period has now passed, and henceforth every score counts. Of course this means increased interest. And no wonder, for it means additional credit to the ship, and besides a chance for good prize money for those making the best scores. "Bull's-eyes" became more frequent, "fours" and "threes" also increased in number, but the "swabos" (as the men have termed the misses, because the waving of the disks by the markers reminded them of swabbing the decks), alas, still come in for their share of curses.

The latest "dope" regarding the future movements of the fleet is that we go north on March 25th for target practice on the

Southern Drill Grounds. And this because those obstinate target-rafts refuse to allow themselves to be towed into tropical waters. It seems an impossible task. Several have already been lost in transit and it appears that were we to persist in waiting for the full number to appear we should have to sit here kicking our heels for the next few seasons at least. And then the Admiral has just made the remarkable discovery that the sea in these waters is entirely too smooth for our purposes. Several of the ships have searched the Windward Passage in vain attempts to get enough roll and pitch, until the Ordnance Officers have become disgusted. So the upshot of it all is that we will leave these warm climes for the stormy capes of North Carolina and Virginia. No one seems particularly enthusiastic over the programme as amended. We had quite a heated discussion about it at dinner to-day, during the course of which much was said on both sides. As far as I can make out no one wants to leave this place, yet none want to have to remain here longer, with the result that no one is satisfied and all are grumbling. Yet was there ever a sailor that did not grumble? Just ask a bluejacket what he thinks of the Navy, and he'll start a yarn that will make you



LIBERTY PARTY ASHORE!

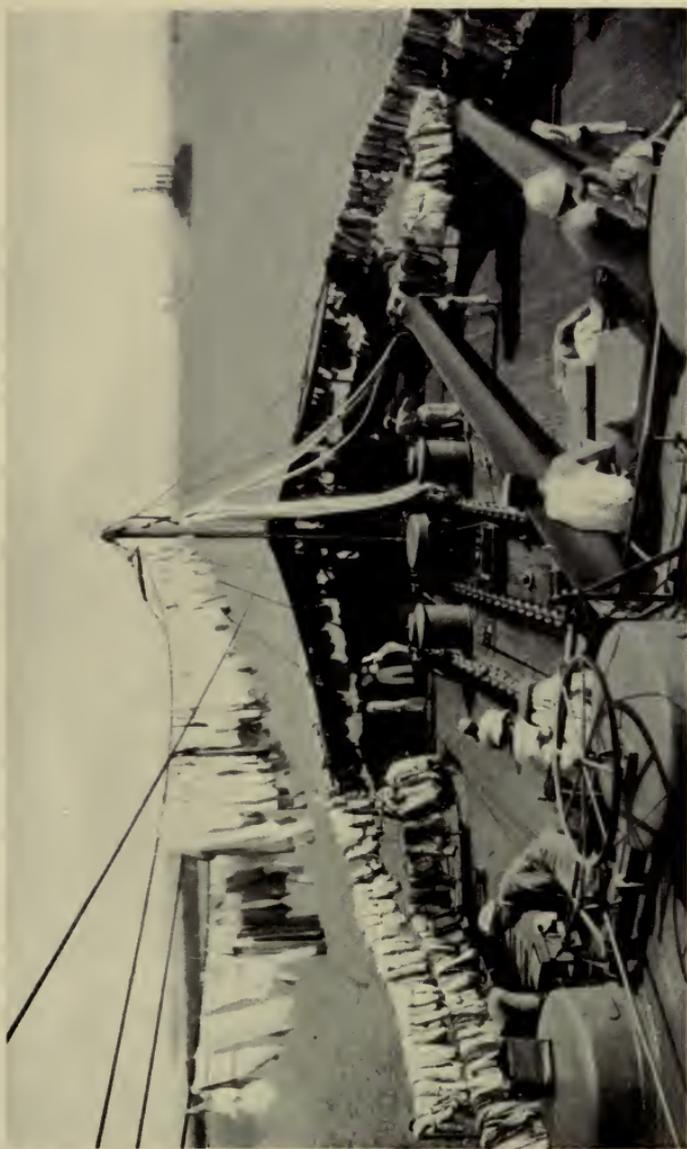
think it's the worst place in the world; but the minute he's out of the service he will have nothing but praise for it and won't be happy again until he has re-enlisted. And I can frankly say, that grumble as they may, I have not yet met a single one who regretted his enlistment or would give up the experience.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 27TH.

Wind and dust have been our two chief entertainers to-day. A thirty-mile gale succeeded the peace and quiet of the night. The bay is covered with whitecaps,—a most unusual sight,—and here on shore! Before the blow had developed its full force I went with several officers to the Club for some tennis, but the first game discouraged all further attempts. We stayed indoors after that; the building fairly shook before the force of the agitated zephyrs, and when we finally made up our minds to return to camp we were quite prepared to find everything there blown out of sight. And that was literally true. For though not a tent had gone down, all our precious possessions within were buried beneath inches of dust.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 28TH.

Perhaps the one thing that impresses the average visitor the most on first treading the deck of an American man-o'-war is the atmosphere of cleanliness and comfort that characterizes every part of the ship. The men all seem to have a taste for cleanliness; nor has any effort been spared for giving them an opportunity of satisfying their desires in this matter. Forward on the gun-deck are spacious baths and showers, which leave nothing to be desired in simplicity and usefulness. And by the time the men have been at sea a month the lesson has been so well learned that it is never forgotten. But I must say that I never suspected how very particular they were about it until we went into camp on shore. How they manage to keep so immaculately clean amidst the dust and dirt or find time during the busy hours of the day no one knows. Yet they always seemed to find a spare moment to scrub their "whites" with soap and water, until you almost believed it to be their favorite pastime. In fact, the only ground for complaint on their part while we have been here was that one day they were not permitted to scrub their clothes, and it was amusing to see how uneasy they



THE FORECASTLE ON A MID-WEEK MORNING

were, even though they had been assured that due allowance would be made for soiled clothes.

TUESDAY, MARCH 1ST.

This morning the companies of the regiment held collective firing, which made an awful racket and used up more ammunition. In all each ship will have used up in the neighborhood of two hundred and fifty thousand rounds, or a total of three and a half million rounds for the entire fleet! I suppose that future generations will discover a lead mine in the hills back of the range.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2ND.

This has been our last day of camp, for tomorrow we return on board once more. Sorry? Well, I should say so,—though the wind and dust will not be much missed. As usual we were on the range trying to improve our scores of the past week. Everyone was on the firing line, and it was a pleasure to see the keen interest shown on all sides. The men apparently have appreciated the wonderful opportunity at hand; few have failed to take advantage of the excellent instruction which the officers have been only too willing to give them,

so that the results have been more than satisfactory, and the number of qualifications greater than ever before.

THURSDAY, MARCH 3RD.

This has been a sad day for the *Kansas*. The flagship beat us in a boat race this morning and took all our money away from us. This is a severe blow to our financial aspirations, as only last week we suffered a severe defeat at the hands of the *Mississippi's* baseball team; but it was a beautiful race, and though we did lose we had the satisfaction of knowing that our crew had put up a good fight. The race started at the stroke of seven bells, and was held over the regular three-mile course between the lines of squadrons with the finish near the two flagships. Both boats got a good start, with ours slightly in the lead for the first two miles. As they neared this ship they were greeted with enthusiasm, the steam launches following tooted the ship's distinguishing letters with their whistles, while our signal boys on the bridge hoisted the flags "S Affirmative" and "F Negative," meaning that we were ahead while the *Connecticut* trailed behind. To this the flagship replied by reversing the message, and as it turned out in the

end, her prediction proved the better, for at the last spurt her boat nosed out ours. It was a hard race to lose. But the losers lost well, and there is nothing that Jack admires more than a good sport.

At two we broke camp. Of course we were sorry, but it was nice to get on board once more and settled in our old home. The cheerfulness with which the men worked after their return was truly remarkable. The hard morning on the range, followed by all the trouble of breaking camp, took away none of the will with which they usually performed their work. They passed up the hammocks in a style that would have made the most accomplished medicine-ball player green with envy, and when everything was stowed away, set to washing their clothes as if the day's work had only just begun.

FRIDAY, MARCH 4TH.

Sports, sports, nothing but sports. Four days of uninterrupted pleasure is to be our reward for the two months of faithful work that have just ended. An exhaustive programme has been prepared by the Admiral, and we now shall have an opportunity of squaring old scores with our rivals on the other ships. But of all the sports, boat racing

is the one that, as usual, will arouse the greatest interest. It is the time-honored sport of the Navy, and, as such, a never-ending theme of discussion and rivalry. For months the ships have been preparing for the events. Each afternoon, after the day's work was done, the race-boat crews, under the vigorous direction of the coxswains, have been going through courses of gymnastics which to the ordinary man would be an exhausting day's work, after which they would leave the ship for a few hours' pull around the fleet. And now the true test of those hours of preparation was at hand.

The entire morning was devoted to the first of the pulling races in competition for the "Gilded Rooster" trophy, which the Navy Department annually awards to the ship making the best record in that branch of athletics during Sports Week. "The Gilded Rooster!" What a strange emblem! And well may the layman wonder at its significance, for its true meaning lies hidden in one of those traditions of the service that are dear to every officer and bluejacket. When the custom began, I know not, but an English officer, writing in the early part of the last century, mentioned it in connection with squadron competitions, and from that account I gathered how the great ambi-

tion of every ship of the Old Navy had always been to be the one to hoist the cock to the fore-truck as an emblem of victory. Each vessel carried a real live one in a hen-coop on the spar-deck, ready to be hoisted at a moment's notice; and when any evolution was performed, the first to complete successfully the exercise was sure to have the unhappy fowl at the fore, where its furious flutterings would announce to the world her proud distinction and vaunt her claim of being a "smart" ship.

But to come back to modern times, this trophy now rewards the ship which at the annual sports scores the greatest number of points in the pulling races, the points being awarded to the first three boats in each of the following contests: (1) Sailing launches, (2) cutters, twelve-oared, deck-force, (3) cutters, twelve-oared, engineers, (4) cutters, twelve-oared, marines, (5) whaleboats, twelve-oared, selected crews, and (6) racing cutters, selected crews,—all the boats being rowed under service conditions.

Hardly had the sun risen, when preparations for the great day were under way, and at the appointed time all the boats were gathered near the starting line off Fisherman's Point. The course lay up the bay; one mile from the

start were the first stakeboats, anchored between the *Vermont* and *Virginia*, while one mile further, at the head of the line of squadrons, was the finish. The cheering and excitement were intense as the boats passed between the ships. At times it was impossible to tell which was in the lead. As each ship was passed, signal flags were run up the yards giving the order of the first three boats, and never were the same three displayed twice in the same order by any ship in the fleet. It was a question of "anyone's race" till the line had been crossed.

I cannot say that we won many races. In fact, we came in second but once, and third twice. But, though victory did not come our way, we had the great satisfaction of effectively beating our old and hated rival, the *Connecticut*, each and every time, which has been a great solace in our disappointment. The *Minnesota* had no difficulty in winning the trophy; she led the fleet the whole morning; and now she boasts her prowess before the assembled ships-of-war and is the proud possessor of that coveted trophy, the "Gilded Rooster!"

The afternoon was devoted to swimming races and sailing contests. The bay was full

of sailing craft and boats of all kinds and sizes; launches, cutters, whaleboats and dinghies. The strictest rules governed the afternoon's sports and every formality was observed as in Ocean Cup Races. For Navy men still talk of the times when they raced under less stringent regulations, when the boats were required to carry "regulation rig" up to the starting line only, and how the *Kentucky's* launch, one fine day, suddenly hoisted sails of all sorts, including a pitch black coaling awning, and walked away from the rest of the contestants. And of course she could not be disqualified, as she had carried the "regulation rig" up to the starting line, and nothing in the rules prevented her adopting other tactics once she had entered the course.

SATURDAY, MARCH 5TH.

The morning was again given over to pulling races, this time for the Pensacola Cup, which was presented to the fleet in 1904 by the citizens of Pensacola, Florida. There were four contests, in cutters, whaleboats, gigs, and dinghies, and we won the third to our great surprise. It was a walk-a-way. But none the less the winners were rousinglly cheered by all

the ships, and enthusiastically greeted on their return to the *Kansas*.

Then in the afternoon we were treated to the usual baseball games, while on the target range a fleet match between officers' teams was being held for the championship of the Navy, and in the evening the successful day was brought to a brilliant close by a splendid Entertainment and Smoker on board the *Idaho*.

SUNDAY, MARCH 6TH.

This was our gala day for sports. Five important races in the morning and six baseball games in the afternoon filled every hour of daylight with excitement for both participants and onlookers. The first event was a one-mile boat race between officers' crews in cutters. We turned out a worthy aggregation, representative of every rank on board. The Executive rowed the bow-oar, then came the Navigator, then the ensigns, and warrant officers, and lastly the midshipmen. Of course no one had made any preparation for the contest; many had not handled an oar in months; some were good and others poor; but all went into it for the fun of it, and once the race had begun, pulled for all they were worth, and when it was over, declared that they felt years

younger for it. The crews rowed a splendid race, and at the finish rushed across the line in such rapid succession that all claimed the victory. In fact, even among the spectators few were certain who had really won, until the judges announced their verdict. Then we knew that our boat had come in third. That was not very good, in our opinion, yet there was some consolation in store for us in the fact that we had once more beaten the flagship.

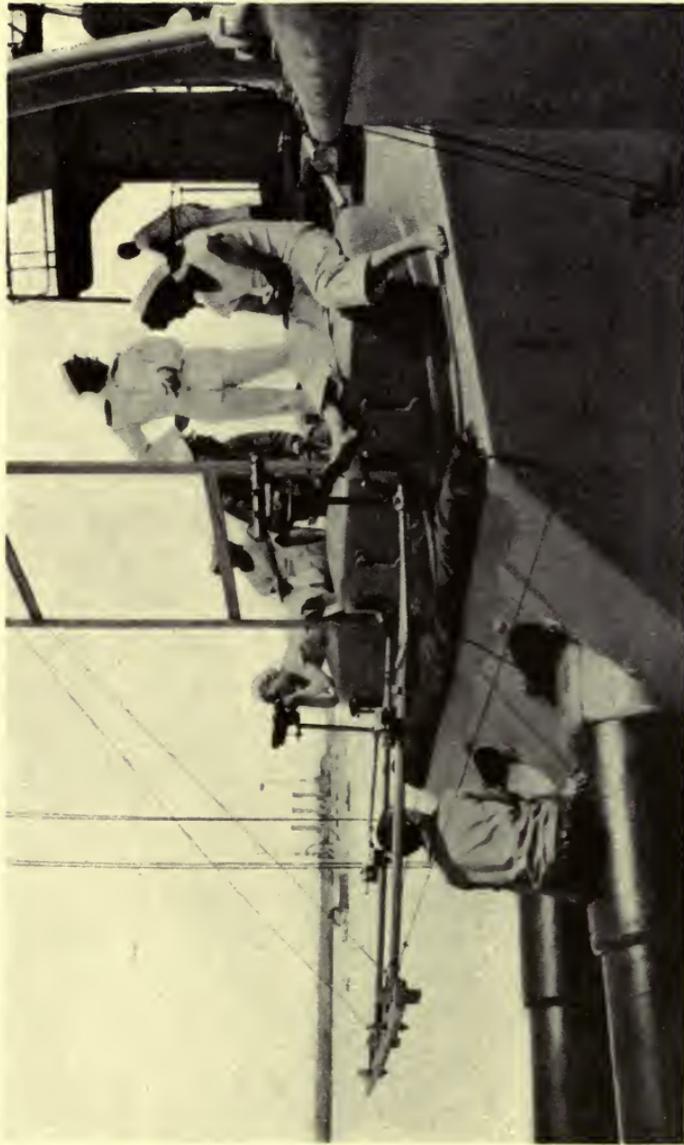
After this the men resumed their struggles for supremacy, and nobly did they try to bring victory to their respective ships. First of all came the contest for the Belmont Challenge Cup, in which the crews were composed of first enlistment men of the deck forces; then followed the Drexel Challenge Cup races for enlisted men in the regulation racing cutters; next came the Dunlap Challenge Cup race between crews of marines from twelve of the ships; while last, and most important, came the race for the Battenberg Squadron Challenge Cup, which the men of the British Second Cruiser Squadron under Rear Admiral H. S. H. Prince Louis of Battenberg, R. N., presented to the Atlantic Fleet in May, 1906, on the occasion of their visit to American waters.

All day long the races continued, and all day long the men crowded ships' sides in their eagerness to see the sports. Signal flags fluttered from every signal-yard, indicating the position of the boats as each ship was passed; whistles tooted encouragement to the struggling crews; and when, after the races, the boats returned to their ships, cheers greeted them that expressed better than words how much their efforts had been appreciated.

TUESDAY, MARCH 8TH.

This has been another coaling day for us, but we had had due warning of the collier's arrival, so the crew started early and by noon had the necessary 1140 tons of black dust aboard. Then followed that awful session of cleaning ship, which I had already learned to dread. So I took advantage of the opportunity, when no one was looking, of going up the foremast, where I at last found a dry spot, safe from the streams of water that played below. And I chose the moment when none observed me for the reason that one's first ascension is always a trying experience; for they say that a boatswain's mate usually follows the unsuspecting novice aloft, lashes him to the ladder ere he has reached the top, and releases him only

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"DOTTER" PRACTICE ON AN EIGHT-INCH TURRET

when he has served his time and has promised to pay the customary toll of a case of beer for the watch below. But this was coaling day; everyone had to work, and I felt reasonably safe in attempting the perilous ascent. It was a stiff climb up the wet and slippery rungs of the swinging chain ladders; the hot murkiness issuing from the mouths of the three great funnels almost choked me as I reached the second netting; but I was almost there, and in a few moments I clambered, breathless and a little dizzy, into the small platform that crowns the eminence of this fire-control station. Then, in a moment, the beauty of that panorama spreading out in every direction of the compass dawned upon me. I fain would have remained there for the rest of the day. But mess-call sounded, and, as usual, it became a question of "duty" before pleasure.

FRIDAY, MARCH 11TH.

Mail day, but oh! no mail yet. It must have taken a side trip on the island. Still we have hopes for the morrow. As usual, gunnery drills were the order of the day, and loading drills and "dotter" practice occupied everyone's time.

SATURDAY, MARCH 12TH.

For two days the *Wisconsin* has been at sea in search of waters in which she might find the required roll and pitch in order to hold her spring target practice, before returning home to go out of commission. But not a ripple would disturb the glassy surface of the Caribbean, and after cruising for forty-eight hours in the Windward Passage without being able to fire a shot, she returned here to await a change in the weather, which the obliging weather prophets seem inclined to promise.

How different this is from the methods pursued in the good old times! And what a transition from the gunnery of only a few years ago! In those days it was practically all smooth-sea firing; target practice was looked upon as mere drudgery; no one took any interest in it; and besides it only dirtied the decks, blackened the paint-work, and was a general nuisance, which the men were heartily glad to be rid of. But now all that has changed. Criticisms that had long been unheeded at last were listened to; every attention was given to even the slightest suggestion; and the result was the present system, which has done so much to improve the marksmanship of the gun-

ners of our Navy and stimulate their enthusiasm and interest in their work.

SUNDAY, MARCH 13TH.

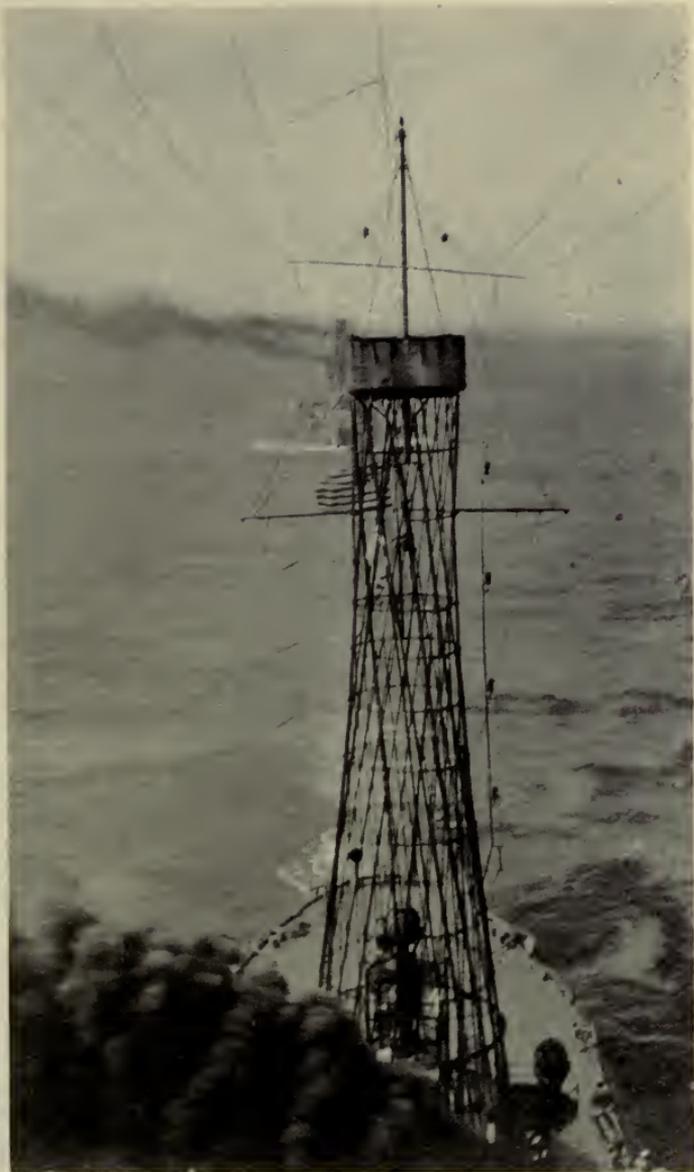
To-day was Ladies' Day. We had had the news ahead of time, so when the members of the fair sex arrived on the scene we were ready for them. They were on board the Royal Mail Line Steamer *Avon*, which takes some three hundred tourists annually on a cruise in the West Indies. But their visit to this place was a most unusual occurrence, for as a rule none may enter these waters except by special permission of the Navy Department. Only the evening before last a steam yacht flying a New York Yacht Club signal anchored in the bay for the night, but she was allowed to remain only until dawn, and at the break of day made haste to get under way in obedience to the Admiral's mandate. But to return to the main theme,—at ten the *Avon* appeared off the entrance of the bay, and within a short time was on her way to the anchorage which had been assigned to her for this fleeting visit. Hardly had she dropped her mud-hook, when we had our steamers alongside and eager midshipmen clambered up the gangways to bring our guests off to us. Then, as they came

aboard, the Captain met them and extended a friendly greeting; the officers showed them about the ship, while the sailors vied with each other in helping to make their visit as agreeable as possible. One damsel started up the mast; another got a piece of pie fresh from the bakery; no place was too difficult of access for them to find their way into it. But what they evidently appreciated more than anything else were the files of newspapers we presented to them, for since early February they had had no mail or news of home. Their ship had been ahead of her regular schedule all the time, and, of course, just missed the courier at every port. Our welcome visitors stayed with us only about two hours. Shortly after one, the *Avon* signalled her impatience to be off, and the imperative summons was not of a nature to be disregarded.

SATURDAY, MARCH 19TH.

To-day the *Wisconsin*, *Yankton*, and two colliers left us,—the first to go out of commission, as her officers and men are needed to man the new *Delaware*, while the colliers are bound for Hampton Roads in search of more coal for the fleet's coming manœuvres.

THE KANSAS
U. S. NAVAL ARCHIVE
COLLECTION



THE KANSAS'S MAINMAST

In the morning the *Minnesota* and *Georgia* held a three-mile race between their race-boat crews. The rivalry between the two has always been keen, especially since the latter's boat won the laurels in the last regatta, and the *Minnesota's* men have been awaiting their chance to win back their lost prestige. So to prove their confidence they last week challenged their rival to another test over the three-mile course, and offered to back their boat with all the cash they could lay their hands on. It was a beautiful race; both crews rowed superbly; but after the first two miles it was a foregone conclusion that the *Georgia* would win, and once more did the unfortunate *Minnesota's* crew taste the bitterness of defeat.

Then in the afternoon the *Nebraska* and *New Hampshire* crossed bats on the baseball diamond for the championship of the fleet. Everyone that could get ashore was there to see the exciting contest, and none certainly had reason to feel disappointed. The field was filled to overflowing. And as for the game, it was a corker. Eleven innings long,—truly exhausting for the spectator, as we were continually brought to our feet by some brilliant play. In the end the *Nebraska* won, just as the sun was setting, on a home run, after two

men were out! Then pandemonium broke loose. You might have imagined yourself on Franklin Field after a Navy victory. The *Nebraska's* band headed the procession back to the boats, and to bring the day to a fitting and successful close we reached our ships just in time to escape a drenching thunder shower that had been threatening in the west.

SUNDAY, MARCH 20TH.

The call of the wild once more lured us to the Cuban jungle, so we made an early start and in the course of the mid watch left the ship on our quest just as the ship's bells struck eight. There were four of us,—the Navigator, the Ordnance Officer, the Paymaster, and I,—and our objective was Lake Manati, at the head of Joa Bay, where many officers and men from the fleet had already been in search of the happy hunting ground. They usually went up about four and hunted until sunset, camped for the night, and then wound up the twenty-four hours' outing with a forenoon session. But we, unfortunately, could not absent ourselves that long. Half a day was all the leave we could get at this time, so we decided to make the best of our poor bargain, and started out some two hours before sunrise, which brought



AN EXCITING FINISH



us to the lake in plenty of time for the sport. Once on shore, we promptly lost our way, for which we naturally blamed inaccurate charts; but as luck would have it, we were not long left in doubt as to the proper place to find game, for no sooner had we wandered ten yards from the water's edge than we scared up a dozen marsh hens. Four fell before the well-aimed volley that followed their attempt at escape. That was encouraging enough for a beginning. Only we were not destined to retrieve all that had fallen. The entire region seemed intersected by deep water channels which barred all progress, while the treacherous footing afforded by the saltwater marshes confined our operations to a restricted territory which was not at all within the bounds of our ardor. However, we pressed on, and at last found the coveted stands of which we had heard so much. Then came sunrise, and with it birds by the hundred. Shot after shot rang out until our supply of shells was almost exhausted. By this time, also, the morning was well advanced, our watches indicated eight o'clock, and we had to call a halt. But we had secured a good share of the spoils, and for the next few days the mess menus included such delicacies as goose, marsh hens, snipe and duck.

The men, too, had their share of fun during the day, for shortly before our return on board countless liberty parties had left for the inland city to attend the Kermess that annually enlivens Guantanamo about this time. They apparently had a glorious time. Everyone returned in the happiest mood; not a few brought souvenirs and mementos of the occasion; and some even came back with dogs and cats and goats, which the Captain was "graciously pleased" to allow to be enrolled as members of the ship's official mascot family.

MONDAY, MARCH 21ST.

More gunnery training was the order of the day. The men seem to do better as they become more experienced, and more keen to improve and get ahead of the other fellow. Consequently, there has been much rivalry between the several gun-crews, and a spirit of competition has sprung up that is bound to stand out pre-eminently as a secret of success. The life of all games, competition has proved the life of gunnery, which has been so justly termed the "greatest of all games." It is a question of pointer against pointer, gun-crew against gun-crew, ship against ship, and fleet against fleet. And when we read an extract

like the following, we cannot help admiring the Navy and Navy men for the admirable "sporting spirit" which exists in this competition:

"Our pennant hopes were dashed when the report of the *Vermont's* score was received. Eighty-one and one-quarter per cent of hits at 9,000 yards with her 12-inch is the score that did the work. Though we are beaten, yet there is not a man aboard who is not proud to know that the real fighting ships, the line-of-battle-ships, upon which a Navy's strength depends, can shoot like this. Since we did not win the pennant ourselves, we are glad to see it go to such a splendid ship. There is a great deal of satisfaction in knowing that we pushed her so closely. As a ship we take off our hats to the winner and extend her our heartiest congratulations."*

TUESDAY, MARCH 22ND.

The time is now drawing near when we shall have to leave this place. Thursday at four is the day and time set for our departure, and I doubt very much whether there are many in the fleet who will not sincerely regret the

*From the "*Grand Canyon*," published by the enlisted men on board the U. S. S. *Colorado*.

change, even though the prospect is that of being homeward bound once more. There may be some truth in the saying that this place is God-forsaken, yet the longer you stay the better you like it. No other place in the world can compare with it for the work the fleet does there during the "busy season." More has been accomplished in the past few months than would have been possible anywhere else, and this alone is a recommendation that ought to stamp it as the most valuable of our naval stations on the Atlantic coast.

Socially, the cruise has been all that we could have desired. Guantanamo Bay certainly formed an ideal background for the good and wholesome life that characterizes our Navy at the present time. No longer has the service to bear the taint of the "good old days," when the sailor was looked upon as scarcely human. No longer is it the last refuge for the scum of the earth. The bluejacket of to-day deserves all the praise that can be given him. His standard is courage and a loyal devotion to his country, while his character and morality are of the best. He is well paid, his ration is generous, well cooked, and properly served, his clothing is of excellent quality, and certain and steady advancement is sure to follow every

indication on his part of energy, zeal, and good behavior. And the same may be said of his relations with his superior officers. What they formerly were, I shall not attempt to say. Now they are on a footing more human than in any other service. There is a community of interest between officers and men such as never before existed. And well is it for the service that the chief concern of the officers is for their men. The discipline, though apparently slack in formalities, works out into a pretty severe system, in which the higher training of the officers commands the natural respect and obedience of the men. In my three months' experience with the fleet I have so far seen but one instance of a man showing surliness, and but one serious case of "back talk"; both offenders were summarily dealt with; yet neither showed resentment, or to my knowledge, expressed himself as having been unjustly dealt with.

Socially, the life on board the ship is centered in a series of clubs, called messes. The largest, the general mess, consists of the entire crew, and is run by the regularly appointed Paymaster, while the smaller ones consist solely of officers, who take an active part in their management. The officers'

messes are graded by rank. The Captain forms one all by himself. The commissioned officers comprise the wardroom mess. The midshipmen, marine lieutenant, and junior pay officers make up the steerage mess. The warrant officers, those men of the rank and file who, by faithful service, have earned promotion, form another mess, while the largest of the circles is that of the chief petty officers.

With the exception of the first, all are obliged to provide their own food and drink and supplies. Years ago the Government used to grant the men afloat, no matter what their rank, the generous sum of thirty cents a day for rations, and allow them to form their own messes. But the scheme never was a success. Jack got pretty fair rations, but there were times when he did not fare so well, especially when the mess treasurer went ashore with the mess treasury and failed to return with the required balance in his pockets. So about the time of the Spanish-American War a change for the better was devised, and the general mess instituted. Of course there were those who said it would never do. Objections and protests poured in upon its promoters, but they persisted in their determination, and now the wonder is how the ships ever got

along without a general mess. Formerly as many as forty messes existed on board a single ship; no two had the same fare; no two were equally satisfied. Now all that is changed. One person has charge of the feeding of the entire crew; every detail is carefully provided for in the Navy Regulations; each man has his pound and three-quarters of meat a day, no matter what the cost to the Government; and the result is that the crew receives as wholesome food as any person could desire.

But the curtailment of those thirty cents a day bore heavily on the officers above the rank of midshipman. It meant that henceforth each one had to purchase his own food, pay for it out of his own pocket, and lose the tidy sum of \$110 a year, which was the sum total of his previous allowance. The situation at first was a serious one. But, as usual, the naval officer was practical, and quickly devised a solution of the problem. The communal plan of paying for the food was settled upon as being most economical, while the individual plan of paying for drinks and cigars found favor on account of its liberality. Then the Government came to his aid by providing for the formation of the messes, regulating their management, and furnishing such necessities

as furniture, crockery, and linen, while to enable him to obtain supplies for long cruises, without violating the law against the contracting of debts, a clause was inserted in the Regulations, 297 (6), by which the commanding officer could sanction supplies for the officers' messes being received on board at the risk of the dealers, to be paid for as consumed, provided the dealer assented to such an agreement in writing. So the difficulty was solved, and everyone was satisfied.

The officers' messes are organized with a caterer, or treasurer, elected monthly by the members from among their own number; serve he must, but he cannot be forced to run for a second term against his will. All supplies are purchased by him from the dealers on condition that payments for the same are to be made at certain stated intervals, and he usually experiences little difficulty in finding bidders, for it is a lucrative trade and the dealers know that they will never have to complain of unsettled debts. Each member of the mess is assessed so much every month, according to the standard of living decided upon at the time of the last election, and the result is that the food in its prepared state costs the naval officer in the neighborhood of a dollar a day.

THE KANSAS BROADSIDE



THE KANSAS'S BROADSIDE

Photo by G. W. Stib

And then there is also the wine mess, composed of such officers as may wish to join it. A dealer provides the supplies, which are sold to the members at cost price, or usually at an advance of ten per cent to cover breakage. No distilled spirits, however, are to be had in the mess.

Thus the mess lives in a small circle, the members seeing each other three times a day and being thrown together in a way that cannot fail to make them know each other intimately. At the head of the wardroom table presides the Executive Officer, or Commander, with "the power to preserve order," while about him are seated the other officers in assigned seats alternately in the order of their rank. At times this is the cause of delicate situations. It may happen that the very man who causes you to be disciplined sits at your elbow; still, in the membership of the mess, there is that spirit of good-fellowship that readily enables you to overlook your petty annoyances, and touch elbows with your erstwhile senior in the most cheerful of moods. I have never seen such continual good humor and cheerfulness. Nor is this the exception. Grumpiness and grouchiness, of course, happen at times, but they are always laughed off

before any damage has been done, and light chaffing once more reigns supreme. But, at the same time, there is also a good deal of serious conversation, especially as regards naval matters. The personnel bill is everlastingly under discussion; Naval Academy days are recalled by the younger as well as the older graduates; the latest gunnery improvements are carefully considered; while all the time there is an undercurrent of tales of the six continents that find interested and willing listeners.

And thus the life of the messes goes on. No matter in what part of the ship they may be, the same good-fellowship abounds, and the same situation of enforced intimacy of months, and even years, exists in a way that excites your admiration. It is a manly, free, and entertaining life; a society run in the most wholesome manner.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23RD.

At half past six we went to sea, and for five hours engaged in correcting our compasses, after which the usual gunnery exercises were resumed. But more important still, to-day, were the fire-control drills held by the ship's "spotters" in preparation for next month's

shooting competitions. It is a duty that requires a steady nerve, good eyesight, and calm, accurate judgment, for upon these "chosen few" depends the all-important task of transmitting the correct ranges to the batteries during the decisive moments of battle. Errors of range and deflection have to be corrected the moment the shells are seen to strike the water, for without this co-operation the gun-pointers would never be able to maintain a well-directed fire or bring their guns to bear on the desired center of impact. So you can understand the importance of these hours spent in estimating distances and at least begin to appreciate the meaning of that magic by-word,—fire-control.

THURSDAY, MARCH 24TH.

All morning long we were busied with the final preparations for getting under way. For the day of departure, alas, was at hand, and within a few hours we were to bid a final farewell to the sunny waters of Guantanamo Bay. Gangways were unshipped, boats hoisted in, air ports tightly shut, and everything made snug. Then at three-thirty sirens and steam whistles were tested, anchor engines began to tug at the anchor chains, "blue peters" flut-

tered impatiently at the fore, and we were under way.

Again we passed along the eastern coast, which we had first sighted ten weeks ago when on our way to our winter base. The mountains and hills were more beautiful than ever in the light of the setting sun, while the gentle swells of the Caribbean reflected the glory of that evening sky in a manner that made the leave-taking all the harder.

FRIDAY, MARCH 25TH.

Another beautiful day! The sea was like the proverbial mill pond, and of a most gorgeous, rich, ultramarine hue. Strange as it may seem, I note this. While in Cuban waters it was the rule, almost monotonously so, but now that we are no longer in the Caribbean, it may prove the exception. About nine-thirty we passed close to Castle Island, and while still within view of the shore were put through our paces, which must have made a lasting impression upon the inhabitants that crowded the beach. But as no real "work" was indulged in to-day, my favorite pastime has been to go up on the fore-castle, and look down upon the ram as it cleaves its way through the rolling sea. There is a strange

THE KANSAS



THE KANSAS IN ACTION

Photo by G. W. Stib

fascination about it that makes it almost indescribable. The water curls up the bow, and then rolls over, forming a kind of cushion of foam about the prow, while far ahead of the wave, and below the surface, you can see the ram leading the way, irresistible, undeniable.

But, alas! I was not to indulge in my innocent pastime without unwelcome interruption. My eyes suddenly filled with cinders, and my only thoughts then were of the Surgeon and sick bay. Still this has not been my first experience, and I suppose I should by now be used to it. On the quarter-deck, when the wind is dead ahead, I have never yet been able to escape them, while on the forecastle you get them by the million from the ship ahead, which always seems to delight in using the basest coal she can find.

EASTER SUNDAY, MARCH 27TH.

Last evening a bank of clouds to the southward caused the weather prophets to shake their heads knowingly, but they had apparently forgotten the signs during their protracted sojourn in Cuban climes, for the day dawned clear and beautiful, with a glassy sea. Never was there a more lovely Easter day!

We celebrated it in a fitting manner. It was a day of rest. Everyone was in holiday attire, and after quarters the day's work was done. Then at noon we had our dinner,—a dinner that would have been a credit to the world's greatest chef. The Paymaster must have labored weeks in preparation, and months in storing up the varicolored eggs that graced each plate at table.

MONDAY, MARCH 28TH.

Dreaded Hatteras was passed without mishap. In fact, I never saw a smoother sea. But how cold it has suddenly become! At nine the temperature was 55 degrees, or 30 degrees less than what we have been used to all winter, and last night we slept under blankets for the first time since our return on board from our soldiering on Deer Point. The officers are again in blues, but the men still wear whites, as better adapted to their work during these gunnery exercises. But I must say, these steel ships are not what you would term cozy on a cold winter's or spring's day, especially when you have been used to the hot climes of the Caribbean, when ventilators and electric fans buzzed unceasingly.

All morning long the fleet strolled along at less than half speed. The Admiral, before leaving Guantanamo, announced our arrival for a certain hour, and as the Navigators have unfortunately brought us within sight of the Virginia capes before the appointed time, we are idling outside until the stroke of the hour. How different from the merchant marine, where everyone always is in such a hurry to get into port!

At eleven the pilot finally mustered enough courage to clamber up the flagship's side, and we consequently proceeded once more in the direction of Hampton Roads. Eighteen miles of water still separated us from that historic battlefield, where, in the middle of the last century, ironclads met for the first time in the annals of the sea. But how uninviting the day for my first visit to this roadstead! The air was cold and damp; a veil of chilly mist obscured the horizon, while the water was a muddy, dirty green. What a contrast to Guantanamo!

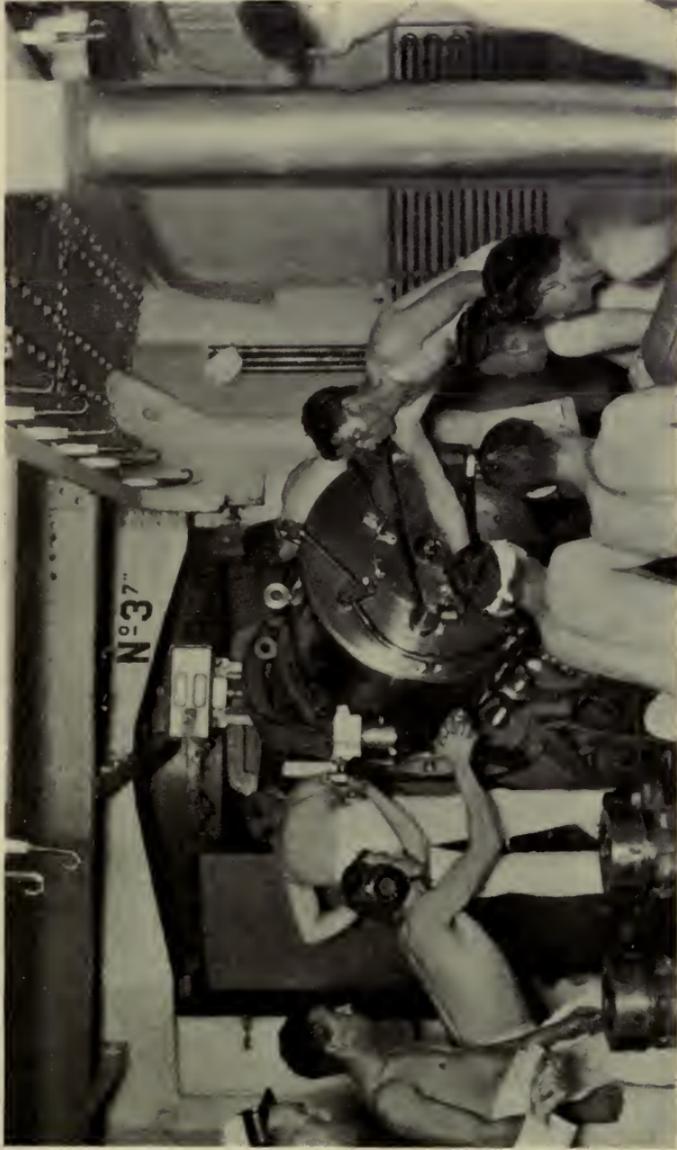
Once off Old Point, the fleet came to anchor in the midst of countless naval vessels that have been assembling here for the past week. But what was far more welcome than all the company was the mail that greeted us. Over a

hundred bags! And not a one that was not filled to the top.

SATURDAY, APRIL 2ND.

There was the greatest excitement up forward all morning. A little yellow and black bird came aboard just after quarters and alighted on the training hood of the forward 12-inch turret. In a moment the turret-crew were in a panic. The men rushed about as if the greatest calamity were impending, and, grabbing swabs and squeegee-handles, endeavored to shoo the unfortunate bird away. For, as they explained between gasps and yells, the bird was a sign of evil, and something was sure to happen if it was not immediately driven away. But the unwelcome intruder only flew beyond reach of its persecutors, and sought refuge on top of the starboard 8-inch turret. Then it was the turn of that division to tear their hair. "Last year, and on a Saturday, too," groaned the trainer, "a little yellow and black bird came aboard, and a powder-bag got turned around. Guess this year the ammunition car will drop!"

I can well appreciate the feelings of those men. For weeks they have not allowed themselves out of sight of their guns lest some-



"STAND BY! FIRE!" A SEVEN-INCH GUN CREW IN ACTION ON BOARD THE U. S. S. KANSAS

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U. S. S. KANSAS
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thing happen to them; for weeks they have patted them with the greatest affection, and told them all sorts of nice things, calling them pet names, and promising to put ribbons on them if they do their best and win navy prizes for their crews. Now all has been undone. The sign of evil has visited the ship, and everyone is talking about what the consequences may be. However, the officer in charge of one of the guns has not yet shaved his whiskers, so I feel that we have some good luck coming to us even though the "signs" may be against us.

Fortunately we had "movies" on deck after dinner, so the men had something to cheer them up and help them get their minds off their work. Never was a diversion more welcome. Everyone has become grouchy over the unforeseen delays that have interrupted the Admiral's well-laid plans. There has been an absence of levity about the ship that to a stranger would give the impression of an impending mutiny. The strain of preparation has begun to tell, and I doubt very much whether anyone will be normal again until the shooting is all over.

It was beastly cold up on deck; but we only turned up our coat collars, and enjoyed the

fun to our heart's content. After a while, however, it became too chilly for comfort, so I went below and started a cut-out picture puzzle on the wardroom table. It was one of a dozen that I had just received from home, and I rejoiced at the opportunity of again indulging in this shocking pastime. But no one else seemed enthusiastic. The Commander, especially, scorned my invitation to make himself useful, while the "Fourth Ward,"—as the junior officers of the wardroom mess are known,—laughed at my childish amusement and said they thought they could find something better to do. But within an hour, the magic spell had spread its net, and one and all were crowded about the long table trying to fit the right pieces together. "Where's that baby foot? I know you had it. Oh, here it is." "No, that isn't a baby's foot, it's part of my lamp." And so they went on. Every time the bluejackets on deck laughed at the movies there would be a rush for the ladder, and then as sudden a return to continue the interrupted task. Well, about eight of us finally got the baby and the lamp assembled,—only the lamp turned out to be a fruit basket; and then the rest of the mess and the steerage were sent for to admire our achievement before it was broken up.

MONDAY, APRIL 4TH.

A dense fog greeted us when we awakened this morning; but by nine it had sufficiently cleared to warrant our beginning preparations for weighing anchor, so that we had several hours' notice to perform satisfactorily the interesting operation of unmooring ship. To me it was something new. We had never found it necessary to moor in the roomy and still waters of Guantanamo Bay. But here, in the limited anchorage allotted the fleet, and with a racing tide, it was always customary,—the advantages of that method of anchoring vessels being that they take up comparatively little space in swinging and cannot foul their anchors by dragging the bight of the chain over them. A ship, when moored, has both bower anchors down, at a considerable distance apart, and such scope of chain on each that she is held with her bow stationary on the line between them; she may thus head in any direction, and swing about her own stem as a pivot.

Promptly at one we were under way, but no sooner had we rounded the second buoy than wreaths of fog came gliding across the fleet, hiding the ships from one another, and com-

pling them to use their unmelodious whistles to converse with the Admiral. The dismal wails of the sirens sounded one after another, down the line, counting out their distinguishing letters, and answering the orders, blown from the flagship, through the misty veil. The *Connecticut* would toot her call, the letter "F" (.. .. —), then the *Vermont* would answer with hers, "R" (.. — —), we next, "S" (.. — ..), the *Louisiana* would then be heard astern sounding "W" (— — .. —), and so on to the end of the four-mile-long line of ships. You could not see a cable's length. Yet the vessels maintained their positions perfectly, thanks to the practical "fog buoy,"—an irregular shaped spar, which each vessel usually trails astern at the end of a long line as an indication to the next following of where the latter's ram should be; thus the usual distances between ships can be correctly maintained even in the thickest weather, and the danger of collisions reduced to a minimum.

All went swimmingly for awhile. Then suddenly things were doing. A fleet of sailing craft suddenly loomed up out of the haze. They were anchored right in the channel, and we had run into the midst of them. It was a

THE
HITS
ON
A
TARGET-
SCREEN



UMPIRES COUNTING THE HITS ON A TARGET-SCREEN

question of expert dodging, and dodge we certainly did. But in the confusion we lost our formation, and the Second Squadron astern got badly mixed up. Sirens shrieked their terrible warning; crews were sent to collision quarters; but it was only a precautionary measure, and the emergency fortunately did not arise. We finally found so many vessels about us that the Admiral deemed it best to anchor where we were, and this we did to the accompaniment of a bombardment of six-pounders,—two shots from each ship at five second intervals,—as called for by the Regulations.

When the fog lifted some hours later, we realized that we had dropped our mud-hooks none too soon. All about us were dozens of sailing vessels, ringing their bells madly and wondering what all this sudden racket meant. They must have had a bad scare, and I don't blame them in the least. Only they had no business in obstructing the channel the way they did.

TUESDAY, APRIL 5TH.

At last we are on the Southern Drill Grounds, that forty-mile-square patch of ocean water, twelve miles off the Virginia coast, which stretches from latitude $36^{\circ} 45'$ to

latitude $36^{\circ} 55'$. Here we are to remain the rest of the week, continuing our gunnery training in preparation for target practice, which is to come some time in the future. That much, at least, of the Admiral's plans we know.

There was an examination of the magazines during the forenoon, so I took advantage of the opportunity to slip into the forward 12-inch handling room with the officer in charge. We stood on the double-bottoms, far below the water line, in a compartment measuring about twenty feet square. From the center rose the "hoists" with their powder and shell cars, by means of which the guns in the turret above were supplied with the necessary ammunition. Water-tight doors led to the several compartments on all sides, where were located the powder magazines and shell rooms, in which were stored tier after tier of copper cases containing full charges of smokeless powder and massive shells weighing more than 850 pounds apiece. Here was the station of the powder division in battle, and here they toiled while the guns above thundered and sent forth their death-dealing messengers.

In the afternoon the general drills continued. Then came the fog again, and once more were we obliged to anchor. But there

was cheer in store for us when, about six, the *Culgoa* appeared in our midst from Hampton Roads with a large mail for each ship, and the Admiral announced that henceforth a regular daily mail service would be maintained with the shore.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6TH.

All morning the *Kansas* held gunnery drills in company with her sister-ship, the *Louisiana*. Each acted in turn as firing ship or as target for the other. The batteries were manned, the guns loaded with dummy charges, and every detail of the scientific training carefully performed.

As usual I was in the foretop, with the fire-control party, where by far the most interesting work was being done. In fact, ever since my first experience last month, I have reveled in going aloft, and from the top gazing down 135 feet upon the vast expanse of sea that surrounded us on all sides. There is a fascination about it that is indescribable; a charm that bears no comparison. Up there I saw all, heard all, unseen by those below. The panorama of the ship spread out under me. The imposing array of guns; the mass of ship's boats clustered on the upper deck; the men

engaged at their several duties; the three great smokestacks vomiting sable clouds; the cushion of foam around the bow; and the long, broad ribbon of the boiling wake. All this, and more, unfolded before my enraptured gaze.

MONDAY, APRIL 11TH.

At no other time during this cruise has there developed so intense a sporting interest among the men as recently sprang up between the several gun-crews on this ship. For days they have been comparing each other's records. Gun has been matched against gun; turret against turret; gun-crew against gun-crew; until finally the interest became so great, that the men begged to be allowed to fight it out in actual competition. So at three this afternoon the test was held between the two after 8-inch turrets. Each gun-crew loaded its own piece five times against the men from the other side, and then went through the same test in their opponent's turret. Be first! was the thought of each and every man of them. They were wrought up over this game of theirs, and determined to expend every ounce of energy they had in proving their superior-



Photo by G. W. Stitt

FIRING THE TWELVE-INCH GUNS

U S N A V Y
O C E A N I C

ity over the men from the other side of the ship. Of the details of those minutes inside the turrets, I know little. No outsiders were admitted; not for secrecy's sake, but because there was no room for them within the limited and cramped spaces. Suffice it to say, that the port turret won, and defeated its rival from the starboard side by the fraction of a minute. It was a hard fight to lose. "I'll never get over it," cried the unhappy turret-captain of the losing side. "Why, we had them on the run; I don't see how we ever missed it!"

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13TH.

A nightmare must have struck this ship last night. Everyone had a dream, and such dreams! The breakfast hour was filled with weird tales. All had to do with target practice or battle. One of the ensigns had an awful one, and then woke to find that he had been trying to drive his head through the bulkhead. The Lieutenant saw visions of his turret in action; one side of the armor shot away and the gun-crew killed; the pointer's hood carried away and himself seated beside the gun trying to train it with a monkey-wrench! But enough. Scuppers running with blood are not

pleasant to contemplate. Yet I must say that I listened with interest to all that was said, and regretted that I, too, could not contribute to the general store of information. For, strange as it may seem, I never dream. Unfortunately I uttered some remark to this effect, whereupon they turned upon me and told me that no one had ever been on this ship a month without coming under the spell. I ought to dream, that is all there was to it, and if I stayed on board only a while longer, I, too, would have all the dreams I wanted.

MONDAY, APRIL 18TH.

Well! Of all unexpected things! Here we are on the shooting grounds, forty miles at sea, anchored in twenty fathoms of water, ready to begin firing to-morrow at dawn! The unexpected happened at three o'clock, when the entire fleet,—battleships, tugs, colliers, target-rafts, and hospital ship,—left the Southern Drill Grounds in obedience to sudden orders from the Admiral, and now, at eight, we are "on the range," awaiting the arrival of the umpires and assistants from the other ships, who are to observe and judge our practice for the next few days.

TUESDAY, APRIL 19TH.

The Admiral evidently slept late, for there was not a stir on the flagship until after eight bells. But we had our hands full, fussing over minor details, sending off the repair party to the tugs, and our detail of umpires to the other ships. Then came the final preparations, and then we were ready.

To some it may seem that much time is consumed in "preparing" for those few minutes of actual shooting, and too much attention given to the innumerable small details that fill the days beforehand. But that, unfortunately, is a necessity. And, as I found out to my sorrow, a necessity that it is well to observe. For before the first shot was fired I neglected some of the precautions I had been cautioned to take, with the result that when I returned to my room, after the first "run," I found a state of affairs that reminded me more of hazing in my freshman year at college than anything I have ever seen before or since. Not a drawer of my wardrobe was in its place; everything was spilled on the deck; my room was in a mess. Then I realized why the days before had been given over to anticipating such ill-effects from the shooting. Everything on deck

had been removed,—stanchions, davits, and railings; boats hoisted in on the upper deck; deadlights boarded over; and ventilators taken down; while battle ports were tightly shut, and every movable object below decks carefully stowed away,—electric fans, plate glass, looking glasses, china, silverware, and electric-light globes,—and laid out in a storeroom out of harm's way.

But it was time to shoot. The *Culgoa* had left her anchorage with a target in tow, and was proceeding in the direction of "Target Range No. 2," which had been assigned to this Division for the day. Then the *Michigan* got under way, the *Connecticut* followed her movements, and the rest of the Division dropped in behind. Further and further we steamed from the *Culgoa*, until we could scarcely see the target-screens. With powerful telescopes they were visible enough, but to our naked eyes they seemed but mere specks on the hazy horizon. No wonder that the civilian commuter, who lives in a little cottage seven miles from town and spends half-an-hour on the trolley, hardly realizes what target practice means, or what our bluejackets are doing, when he is told that they are covering that same distance with projectiles in less than fifteen seconds, and

U.S. NAVAL ARCHIVES
1916-1917



THE REPAIR PARTY AT WORK ON THE TARGET-RAFT

shattering a target smaller than his suburban villa! And this, too, while steaming at full speed, with a moving target, in a choppy sea, and with a fair proportion of hits.

The first roar of a gun sent a thrill through me. A ruddy flash, a cloud of yellow gas, a splitting crash,—and target practice had begun. Bang, bang, bang! came the echoes, one after the other. A glance at the target, a splash of water forty or fifty feet high, and you knew the result.

It was the *Louisiana* that had come on the range, and hers the honor to commence the first run of the greatest game the world has ever seen. And well did she deserve the compliment. As regularly as clockwork did her guns go off, and as straight as a die went their shells. The first few shots just about located the target; then began as murderous a fire as the Navy has ever seen. Every shot told; the air was filled with flying battens, parts of masts and strips of canvas,—until towards the close of the firing, the shells were apparently passing through the target without striking anything in their flight. A clean hole had been shot through the center of the screen!

Then we had to wait while the damage was repaired. But the men went at their task with

a will that did credit to their indefatigable energy, and within the hour we were again in line, "coming on the range."

It was our turn! From my station, in the main-top, 120 feet above the guns, I had a splendid view. And here, at least, I felt quite safe. The ship was speeding on, pitching lazily as she pushed her way through the rolling sea, while the wind whistled through the masts and blew clouds of smoke beneath our feet. The targets and towing-ship showed up plainly, though so far, so very far away. We were now coming on the range. "Stand by!" "Fire!" There was a blinding flash, a roar and thunder, a scorching wave of hot air from below, and our eyes were strained to see the result. With a good glass you can pick up the shells about a hundred yards from the muzzle and follow them in their course through the air. Then you see a splash, then another, another and another, as they ricochet for miles. Shot after shot rang out. Then a deathly silence. The run was over, and the next ship was about to begin the practice in her turn.

But it was on the gun-deck, where the man-behind-the-gun was in action, that the best and most spectacular part of the work was going

on. Here was where team work was most in evidence. Yet it was not on these men alone that success depended. For on the day of battle everyone, from the Admiral down to the youngest apprentice, has his share of responsibility. However good the pointer may be, unless he has an admiral or captain who can put him in the right place at the right time, good shooting will not avail much. Target practice is meant, therefore, to teach not only the men how to shoot, but also the officers how to bring their ships into position, how to keep them there, and how to help the pointers in every way possible. It marks the culmination of months of training and work, not only in gunnery, but in engineering, navigation, and fire-control. The secret of success depends not on one alone, but on all equally and jointly.

As we came on the range, every man of the crew was at his station, alert and ready at the word of command to do his very best. Commands were given in quiet tones, the men moved about like machines; the deathly silence broken only by the voices of the pointer and trainer as they coached one another: "Right, Tommy. A little more. Just a hair. That's the boy!" The moment for action was at hand. "Stand by! Commence firing!" In an instant

the tray was loaded, the breach opened, the charge rammed home, the breech closed, primer inserted and lock cocked. "Ready!" yelled the plugman, as he slapped the pointer on the back. The sight-setters were busy keeping the range- and deflection-scales corrected, while the pointer and trainer aimed the piece until the cross-wires of the telescope-lens bore on the target. Then a flash, a deafening roar, a powerful tremor, and the shell was on its way. Almost instinctively the breech was again opened, a whirring sound was heard as the compressed air drove out the burning gases through the muzzle, another charge was inserted, the breech again closed, and "Ready!" Then a third charge, and another, and still another. What wonderful team work! Every motion precise and accurate like perfectly adjusted and well-oiled machinery. And what speed! Every fraction of a second saved in this is as valuable as hours ordinarily,—and every moment thus saved means so much more time for the pointer.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20TH.

One is naturally astonished, on witnessing big-gun target practice for the first time, that

smokeless powder should produce such a volume of yellow colored gases, and photographs of ships firing are apt to mislead the civilian into believing that the old brown powder is still used. But the powder-charge proper is really smokeless. What little smoke is produced comes from the ignition-charge, which is indispensable, because of the difficulty found in the ignition of smokeless powders, and also because it is found that the black powder facilitates the transfer of ignition through the grains of the smokeless powder. Fourteen pounds of black powder are required for the ignition-charge of a 13-inch gun. The smoke is therefore considerable, but it is so diluted with the large volume of colorless gases from the consumed smokeless powder that it dissipates readily enough. In the course of exhaustive tests made at the Naval Proving Grounds it was found that a point four miles distant was visible in five seconds after the firing of a 13-inch gun, whereas with brown powder the time taken was twenty-five seconds. This was in calm weather; in a breeze the five seconds would be considerably lessened.

We made an early start this morning, and all day continued the cannonade. The conditions were not exactly ideal for good records,

but the "Chief" has his lucky shirt on, and we consequently came through with flying colors.

Then in the evening the target-screens, each rolled up on its battens, were brought on board to be inspected by the umpires and officers of the ship. Two of the searchlights were turned down upon the quarter-deck; one by one the screens were unrolled and examined and the shot-holes counted. No one turned in early that night. The men crowded the rail and the turret-tops in their eagerness to watch the count and see the jagged holes in the canvas that told of the passage of the shells, and when it was announced that the examination had confirmed the former number of "spotted" hits, the enthusiasm of the ship's company knew no bounds.

Only once were the umpires in difficulty, and that was when a screen was unrolled with double the number of shot-holes that they had previously "spotted." Two shells apparently had pierced each of the holes in the canvas. There was no doubt about it; there were both red and green paint-marks. For to distinguish the hits made by the several sets of pointers, the shells are usually painted different colors,—green for the first pointer and red for the second pointer. The umpires were

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OFFICERS WATCHING A RIVAL SHIP FIRING

indeed perplexed. They were certain they had seen but one shell pierce each hole, yet there were the marks of two. They questioned the officers, and then sought information from the men. But no one could account for this remarkable duplication, until finally one blue-jacket came forward and solved the difficulty. The poor man was most embarrassed, and nervously twirled his cap in his hands; he did not quite know how to say what he wanted to, but we soon gathered that he had been the cause of all the trouble, because just before the run he had painted green shamrocks on all the red shells, "just for luck."

THURSDAY, APRIL 21ST.

But the 12-inch guns! It is when those monsters go off that you want to fill your ears with cotton, unless you have provided yourself with ear-protectors. And you want to stand clear, as far away and back as you can. And above all, be sure that you have secured everything in your stateroom and closed your air port, for if you have not you may find your toothbrush and shaving mug and soap dish spilled on the deck with the fragments of your water pitcher.

As the ship nears the range, the alarm gongs ring, sounding General Quarters; bugles call officers and men to their battle-stations. Everyone drops what he is doing, and rushes to his place. All seems confusion, but it is only an orderly confusion, in which each one knows exactly what he is to do. Then with all in readiness, you await the anxious moment. You count the seconds. How long they seem! But before you know it the whistle has blown, and the work has begun.

For the first run I was inside that low, cramped chamber,—the turret,—standing in the narrow passage not two feet away from one of the guns. It was the only place where I could stand without being in the way. The dim light of the battle-lanterns revealed the men at their stations about the breech of the piece. The heat was oppressive, streams of perspiration showed on their faces; all longed that it might begin soon. Presently the pointers and trainer brought the guns to bear on the distant target. I could feel the massive turret revolving slowly and smoothly beneath me; we were coming on the range! “Stand by!” The visual clicked at intervals, and the sight-setters as quickly checked the corrections. “Load!”

At the word of command from the quiet-voiced officer in charge all was action. Heat, hits, misses, and records,—all were forgotten. Yet there was no confusion, no hurry. Metallic rumbling sounds from the depths below announced that the shells and powder-bags were being loaded upon the cars; the trapdoor to the handling-room opened its steel jaws as the ammunition car rushed up into its place before the breech, which had meanwhile been opened. In went the 860-pound shell and the 320 pounds of powder. Before I realized what had happened the breech was shut, the car had disappeared below, the shutter was again closed, and the big piece was ready. A momentary lull, then the monster leapt back in recoil, I heard a muffled roar and felt a sharp jar,—then all was action again. So easy, I thought. Mere child's play. And so it seemed, yet it was perfection attained only after months of hard and conscientious training.

As the gun went off, I did not feel much of the tearing displacement of air outside, the "blast"; the steel walls of the turret protected me from the results of the explosion of all that powder. But it was on deck that I later got the full benefit of all that I could not see or feel inside. Forewarned, I kept well back and away

from the muzzles. I strained my eyes, keeping them on the gun to watch for the blast. Would it never come? But it did come, and at the very time when I least expected it. The white flame appeared brighter than anything I had ever seen, a tremendous cloud of yellow gas rushed out of the muzzle, and the roar shocked me all over. I grasped at the winch to steady myself. Then my eyes sought the projectile as it sped towards the target. An enormous geyser, hundreds of feet high, leapt into the air. Then another, and another as the shell ricocheted, each miles farther away.

With it came a peculiar roar unlike anything I had ever heard. It sounded more like the rush of an express train as it dashed in and out of tunnels, up and down valleys. I could plainly hear the chug, chug, chug, of the locomotive, the rumble of the train in the stillness of the night. I could almost see it in my mind's eye as it rushed along. And before it was lost sight of, came another flame, another deafening roar, more geysers,—and so it went on until the whistle blew the "Cease firing," and all was over.

Then the ship swung around that we might get a good look at the target-screens, the gun-crews poured out of the tops of the turrets and

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A TWELVE-INCH SALVO LANDING

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crowded the rail to see what they had done. A mighty cheer went up when the good news was known,—then the ship resumed her place in line, and the next one fired in her turn.

“Well, how do you like it?” “Wonderful!” was all I could say. “Oh, but this is nothing compared with Battle Practice; that is when you should be with us.” And well do I wish I might. I can imagine it. Those tremendous broadsides; fourteen guns at a time instead of salvos of but two or three; and fourteen geysers, bunched as one, leaping into the air! “Wonderful!” hardly describes it.

For another run I took my position in the 12-inch sub-station, far below the armor belt and protective deck. A little room, ten by ten, fitted with telephones, range plotting-boards, visuals, and indicators,—the heart of the ship in action. For it was from here that the ranges and corrections were communicated to the guns and turrets as fast as they could be sent down by the spotters aloft. As we came on the range the tension became unbearable. Not a word was spoken; hardly a breath was drawn. . . . Two minutes more! How long the time seemed! A few messages came down from the after-twelve. One minute more! “Initial range: eight-nine-double-

O, fifty-five!" "Commence firing!" Stop-watches were started—everyone awaited the first shot. There was a mighty quiver as the ship shook from stem to stern, and a dull report heard over the telephones. "No change!" A hit! Another quiver! "Fire at target No. 2!" The first screen had been carried away "Down fifty!" The last shot was high, and all the while the telephone men were repeating over the wires: "Range: eight-eight-five-O, fifty-five." Another quiver—another hit, and another, another, another—the last shot had been fired. We heard a cheer from the men in the handling-room as they came out. Seven hits out of eight shots! We rushed up on deck to hear all about it from those who had witnessed the firing, and to take a look at the targets. Yes, there they were. Seven big rents and gaping holes!

SATURDAY, APRIL 23RD.

After the last four days of work everyone was glad of a rest. Most of the morning was spent cleaning ship, scrubbing the decks with sand, replacing all articles that had to be removed during the firing, and rendering everything shipshape again.

This target practice certainly has been of inestimable value to the Service. Not only have different methods of training been given a real test under trying conditions, but both officers and men have had the best opportunity imaginable of becoming thoroughly familiar with their weapons in every way. Each shot has had its lesson. Every breakdown has had its value in that it has brought nearer the day when that fault will have been corrected, and a ship may go into battle without fear of its recurring. Yes, target practice has its advantages, very great advantages.

SUNDAY, APRIL 24TH.

Day-firing certainly was glorious, but yesterday came the really spectacular part of target practice, night-firing with the 3-inch torpedo-defence batteries. The method of holding it was the same, except that the targets were illuminated by searchlights from the firing ships. It was a beautiful scene. The beams of light, and the flight of the "tracers" through the inky blackness of the night presented a spectacle I had never even dreamt of. The idea of using tracers seems to have been an American invention. As described in an

English newspaper, they consist of "a small metal cylinder screwed into the base of the shell, containing a secret composition largely formed of magnesium. As the shell leaves the muzzle, it shows a light, which continues burning throughout the trajectory of the shot through the air. The object of this is to identify the shells fired by the different guns of the batteries," and thus the exact flight of each projectile can be watched in its course to the target.

Though accustomed to the noise by this time, the small caliber guns were decidedly disconcerting. The flash by night was more blinding than by day, the explosion far more penetrating, and the guns fired so rapidly that you hardly had time to recover from one before the next went off. As one officer remarked: "It's not the big fellows we mind; it's the smaller ones that do the cracking. They make you deaf, whereas the great blasts are fine, because they sound like business."

You strain your eyes trying to penetrate the inky blackness beyond, with a telescope or pair of glasses fixed to your eyes. The flash blinds you, but in a moment you see the projectile, revealed by its tracer, curving through the air. You see it hit the target, and the



A TWELVE-INCH TARGET-SCREEN AFTER ONE ROUND

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splash in the beam of the searchlight as it strikes the water; up it goes several hundred feet as it ricochets; a thousand yards further it comes down; then another leap, another, and another, and then it disappears, miles away. Often the guns are fired so rapidly that many of these rockets are in the air at the same time, leaping and curving like fireworks in the night. And when the guns of several calibers are fired at the same time you see the big fellows overhaul and pass the smaller ones before they reach the target.

All the officers had to be on duty during the firing, but between runs they would gather in the wardroom till the bugle once more summoned them up on deck. The main subject of conversation during those moments of relaxation naturally was what we were doing and what the others had done and what we surely would do on the next run. Someone, perhaps, indulged in a story, but the tale was certain to be rudely interrupted by the report of a shot. Another ship had come on the range! And then we would grab a sandwich and rush up on deck or peer through the open gun-ports to see what she was doing. At one o'clock the caterer very considerately furnished us with a cold supper, which was greatly appreciated;

then we once more turned our attention to the firing and continued the exciting sport until the break of dawn.

In anticipation of another night of firing, we took advantage of every opportunity to snatch a little sleep in the course of the day. But about four it began to blow, and the water, which had heretofore been smooth, in a short while became so rough, that it was deemed wiser to postpone the practice, as the repair party in the sailing launch could never have lived and much less worked in such a sea.

It is in this phase of target practice that you feel the human element, and experience a return to the good old days of the "heave and haul." The bare, cleared-for-action battle-ships belching flames from their guns present a sight from which the human element is entirely hidden, but on the target-raft, on that narrow platform of heavy timbers, tossing in the trough of the sea, you can see it when the men of the repair party toil to erect new masts and hoist fresh screens in the place of those that have been shot away. It is a work of which we cannot realize the danger. Yet the men never give the risks a thought, and exhibit a recklessness that often is a source of worry to their officers. And in this work also is that

splendid relationship between officers and men, already alluded to, brought out; side by side they work untiringly and cheerfully; one minute they are under water, hanging on to the timbers of the raft, and next they ride on the crest of a comber; but the work goes on, and no one dreams of quitting until the target once more is in its place, ready to be demolished by the next broadside.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27TH.

Target practice is over; the last shot has been fired; and once more do we enjoy the comforts of home. The wardroom looks like a different place, now that the looking-glasses, pictures, electric lights, silver and china have been restored to their former places, and my room again is habitable, though I can hardly say that I am at all tempted to use my electric fan.

Everyone is in a happy mood. No wonder. The year's work is done, and well done. Once more are we homeward bound, and within twenty-four hours we shall be at the Navy Yard, where shore leave awaits every member of the crew.

Not until nightfall did we sight the Dela-

ware Cape lights. They did not look any different from other lights along the coast, but I stayed up just to be able to say that I had seen them. It was a wonderful night. The sea was resplendent with phosphorescence, especially up forward, where the bow-wave appeared as if illumined by a hundred electric lights, and the ram shone like a beacon. At eleven we finally hove to off Cape Henlopen, and anchored to await the turn of the tide.

THURSDAY, APRIL 28TH.

At seven we were under way, headed for our home yard, Philadelphia. I was up betimes. But the historic waters of the Delaware proved decidedly disappointing, and it was not long before I turned my eyes from the flat, barren shores of the bay and went below to pack my trunk.

My cruise now is ended. Four months have elapsed since first I trod the deck of the *Kansas* in my capacity of "passenger." All too quickly has the time passed by, and as the moment draws near when I shall have to take my leave, I feel that I will be able to do so only with feelings of genuine regret and the

warmest affection towards the Captain, under whose shadow I have lived, and the officers and men who have been my companions and ship-mates both ashore and afloat.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

U. S. S. KANSAS

First-class Battleship.

Length, 450 feet between perpendiculars ; 451 feet on load water-line.

Extreme breadth, 76.10 feet ; Draft, 24.6 feet.

Displacement, 16,000 tons.

Bunker capacity, 2360.5 tons of coal.

Engines, 2 inverted 4-cylinder direct acting triple-expansion.

Boilers, 12 Babcock and Wilcox (2 furnaces each).

Complement: 1 Captain, 19 wardroom officers, 20 junior officers, 9 warrant officers, 27 chief petty officers, 392 seamen, 42 artificers, 216 engineer force, 125 special branch, 43 messmen, 72 marines. Total 853.

Armament, 4 12-inch B. L. R., 8 8-inch B. L. R., 12 7-inch R. F., 20 3-inch R. F. G., 12 3-pdr. R. F., 2 .30-cal., 2 Colt A.

U. S. ATLANTIC FLEET

(January—May, 1910.)

First Division:

Connecticut (flagship of Commander-in-Chief).

First-class Battleship, 24 guns, 16,000 tons.

Vermont.

First-class Battleship, 24 guns, 16,000 tons.

Kansas.

First-class Battleship, 24 guns, 16,000 tons.

Louisiana.

First-class Battleship, 24 guns, 16,000 tons.

Second Division :

Minnesota (flagship of Division Commander).

First-class Battleship, 24 guns, 16,000 tons.

New Hampshire.

First-class Battleship, 24 guns, 16,000 tons.

Idaho.

First-class Battleship, 20 guns, 13,000 tons.

Mississippi.

First-class Battleship, 20 guns, 13,000 tons.

Third Division :

Georgia (flagship of Division Commander).

First-class Battleship, 24 guns, 14,948 tons.

Nebraska.

First-class Battleship, 24 guns, 14,948 tons.

New Jersey.

First-class Battleship, 24 guns, 14,948 tons.

Rhode Island.

First-class Battleship, 24 guns, 14,948 tons.

Fourth Division :

Virginia (flagship of Division Commander).

First-class Battleship, 24 guns, 14,948 tons.

Wisconsin.

First-class Battleship, 18 guns, 11,552 tons.

Missouri.

First-class Battleship, 20 guns, 12,500 tons.

Michigan.

First-class Battleship, 8 guns, 16,000 tons.

Armored Cruisers:

Montana.

Armored Cruiser, 20 guns, 14,500 tons.

North Carolina.

Armored Cruiser, 20 guns, 14,500 tons.

Fleet Auxiliaries:

Celtic.

Supply ship, 6,428 tons.

Culgoa.

Supply ship, 6,300 tons.

Panther.

Repair ship, 8 guns, 4,260 tons.

Solace.

Hospital ship, 4,700 tons.

Yankton.

Tender, 4 guns, 975 tons.

Patuxent.

Tug, 755 tons.

Potomac.

Tug, 785 tons.

DAILY SEA ROUTINE

3.00 a.m. Call ship's cook.

3.50 Call the watch; relieve the wheel and lookouts.

- 4.00 a.m. Relieve the watch; light smoking lamp.
- 4.30 Turn to; out smoking lamp; pipe sweepers; clear up the decks; wash clothes.
- 5.00 Call idlers and day men.
- 5.15 Trice up clotheslines; execute morning orders; at sunrise take in running lights; station masthead lookout.
- 6.30 Hoist ashes.
- 6.50 Trice up six bell hammock cloths.
- 7.00 Up all hammocks; serve out washing water.
- 7.20 Mess gear; watch below; light smoking lamp.
- 7.30 Breakfast; watch below; clean deck bright-work.
- 7.50 Mess gear; watch on deck.
- 8.00 Relieve the watch; breakfast.
- 8.30 Turn to; out smoking lamp; clean bright-work.
- 9.00 Sick call.
- 9.15 Clear up deck; down towel lines; stow away ditty boxes and cleaning gear; pipe sweepers.
- 9.25 Officers' call. Report decks ready for quarters.
- 9.30 Quarters; after which drills and exercises as per routine.
- 10.00 Relieve wheel and lookouts; signal (1) absentees, (2) sick.

- 10.30 a.m. Retreat from drill; "extra duty call";
pipe sweepers; hoist ashes.
- 11.30 Clean up decks; pipe sweepers.
- 11.50 Mess gear; watch below; light smoking
lamp.
- Noon Dinner; watch below; signal (1) coal on
hand, (2) coal expended, (3) latitude,
(4) longitude.
- 12.20 p.m. Mess gear; watch on deck.
- 12.30 Relieve the watch; dinner.
- 1.00 Turn to; out smoking lamp; pipe sweep-
ers; start work about deck.
- 1.30 Serve out provisions; drill call.
- 2.00 Hoist ashes; relieve the wheel and look-
out.
- 2.15 Retreat from drill; pipe sweepers; "extra
duty call."
- 2.30 Instruction of landsmen; hoist ashes.
- 3.30 Pipe sweepers.
- 4.00 Relieve the watch.
- 4.30 Pipe sweepers; clear up decks; knock off
all work.
- 4.55 Officers' call.
- 5.00 Evening quarters; close water-tight
doors.
- 5.20 Mess gear; watch below; light smoking
lamp.
- 5.30 Supper; watch below; pipe sweepers.
- 5.50 Mess gear; watch on deck.

- 6.00 p.m. Relieve the watch; supper; relieve wheel and lookouts; lifeboats and life-buoys reported ready.
- 6.30 Turn to; pipe sweepers; hoist ashes.
- Sunset Set deck lookouts; running lights; get up wash deck gear.
- 7.30 Hammocks; mate of splinter-deck see water-tight doors and hatches closed.
- 8.00 Relieve the watch, wheel and lookouts; out smoking lamp.

PERSONNEL OF THE NAVY

OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE ACTIVE LIST,
NOVEMBER, 1911

Line Officers (1,635):

Admiral of the Navy	1
Rear admirals	30
Captains	96
Commanders	116
Lieutenant commanders	211
Lieutenants	351
Lieutenants (junior grade)	128
Ensigns	421
Midshipmen at sea	281

Staff Officers (664):

Medical directors	15
Medical inspectors	17
Surgeons	85
Passed assistant surgeons	142
Assistant surgeons	42
Acting assistant surgeons	9
Pay directors	14
Pay inspectors	15
Paymasters	76
Passed assistant paymasters	56
Assistant paymasters	40

Chaplains	24
Professors of mathematics	15
Naval constructors	43
Assistant naval constructors	32
Civil engineers	29
Assistant civil engineers	10

Warrant Officers (645):

Chief boatswains	101
Boatswains	60
Chief gunners	88
Gunners	62
Chief machinists	105
Machinists	94
Chief carpenters	70
Carpenters	37
Chief sailmakers	3
Pharmacists	25

Enlisted men (47,500):

Petty officers and enlisted force	47,500
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REQUIREMENTS FOR ENLISTMENT IN THE NAVY

An applicant for enlistment must be a citizen of the United States, native or naturalized, between 17 and 35 years old, of good character and habits, able to read, write, and speak English. A minor under 18 enlists for minority only, and must furnish sworn consent of parent or guardian. Applicants over 18

enlist for four years, and minors must furnish a birth certificate or verified written statement of parent or guardian as to their age and height. Applicants must be in good physical condition, free from any disease or deformity, at least 64 inches high and weighing 128 pounds for an adult, with weight increasing in proportion to height. A minor must be at least 62 inches tall and weigh 110 pounds, increasing proportionately with age and height.

STATISTICS OF ENLISTMENT IN THE NAVY, 1911

Number in service	47,612
Number of applicants	79,458
Applicants enlisted	15,724
Percentage of desertions	4.16
Discharge by purchase	461

CITIZENSHIP OF THE ENLISTED FORCE, 1911

Native born	42,752
Naturalized	3,050
Aliens of declared intentions	192
Aliens resident in the United States	170
Aliens non-resident in the United States	208
Natives of Porto Rico	47
Natives of Guam	70
Natives of Samoa	81
Natives of the Philippines	1,042

PAY, PROMOTION AND REWARDS IN THE NAVY

Commissioned Officers of the Line:

	Yearly Pay	
Admirals	\$13,500	– \$14,850
Real admirals	6,000	– 8,800
Captains	4,000	– 5,500
Commanders	3,500	– 4,950
Lieutenant commanders	3,000	– 4,400
Lieutenants	2,400	– 3,696
Lieutenants (junior grade)	2,000	– 3,080
Ensigns	1,700	– 2,618

Warrant Officers of the Line:

	Yearly Pay	
Chief boatswains	\$ 1,700	– \$ 1,870
Chief gunners	1,700	– 1,870
Chief machinists	1,700	– 2,618
Boatswains	875	– 2,250
Gunners	875	– 2,250
Machinists	875	– 2,250
Mates	625	– 1,500

Commissioned Officers of the Staff:

	Yearly Pay	
Medical directors	\$ 4,000	– \$ 5,500
Medical inspectors	3,500	– 4,950
Surgeons	3,000	– 4,400
Passed assistant surgeons	2,400	– 3,696
Assistant surgeons	2,000	– 3,080
Acting assistant surgeons	1,000	– 1,700
Pay directors	4,000	– 5,500

	Yearly Pay	
Pay inspectors	\$ 3,500 -	\$ 4,950
Paymasters	2,400 -	4,400
Passed assistant paymasters	2,400 -	3,696
Assistant paymasters	1,700 -	3,080
Chaplains	2,000 -	4,400
Professors of mathematics	2,400 -	5,500
Naval constructors	2,400 -	5,500
Assistant naval constructors	2,000 -	3,696
Civil engineers	2,400 -	5,500
Assistant civil engineers	1,700 -	3,080

Warrant Officers of the Staff:

	Yearly Pay	
Chief carpenters	\$ 1,700 -	\$ 1,870
Chief sailmakers	1,700 -	1,870
Carpenters	875 -	2,250
Sailmakers	875 -	2,250
Pharmacists	875 -	2,250
Paymasters' clerks	875 -	2,250

Remarks:

Rations, Officers. All officers of the Navy, except commissioned officers of the line, medical and pay corps, chaplains, and commissioned warrant officers, are entitled to a ration or commutation therefor at the rate of thirty cents per day while attached to and doing duty aboard a seagoing vessel of the Navy.

Retirements. An officer of the Navy may, after thirty years' service, upon his own application, in the discretion of the President, be retired from active

service and placed upon the retired list with three-fourths of the highest grade of his grade.

Enlisted men:

CHIEF PETTY OFFICERS

Seaman Branch:	Monthly Pay
Chief masters-at-arms	\$72
Chief boatswains' mates	55
Chief gunners' mates	55
Chief turret captains	66
Chief quartermasters	55
Artificer Branch:	
Chief machinists' mates	\$77
Chief electricians	66
Chief carpenters' mates	55
Chief water tenders	55
Special Branch:	
Chief yeomen	\$66
Hospital stewards	66
Bandmasters	57
Chief commissary steward	77

PETTY OFFICERS, FIRST CLASS

Seaman Branch:	Monthly Pay
Masters-at-arms, first class	\$44
Boatswains' mates, first class	44
Gunners' mates, first class	44
Turret captains, first class	55
Quartermasters, first class	44

Artificer Branch:	Monthly Pay
Boilermakers	\$72
Machinists' mates, first class	61
Coppersmiths	61
Shipfitters, first class	61
Electricians, first class	55
Blacksmiths	55
Plumbers and fitters	50
Sailmakers' mates	44
Carpenters' mates, first class	44
Water tenders	44
Painters, first class	44
Special Branch:	
Yeomen, first class	\$44
First musicians	40
Commissary steward	66
Ship's cooks, first class	61
Baker, first class	50

PETTY OFFICERS, SECOND CLASS

Seaman Branch:	Monthly Pay
Masters-at-arms, second class	\$39
Boatswains' mates, second class	39
Gunners' mates, second class	39
Quartermasters, second class	39
Artificer Branch:	
Machinists' mates, second class	\$44
Electricians, second class	44
Shipfitters, second class	44

	Monthly Pay
Oilers	\$41
Carpenters' mates, second class	39
Printers	39
Painters, second class	39
Special Branch:	
Yeomen, second class	\$39
Ship's cook, second class	44
Baker, second class	39

PETTY OFFICERS, THIRD CLASS

	Monthly Pay
Seaman Branch:	
Masters-at-arms, third class	\$33
Coxswains	33
Gunners' mates, third class	33
Quartermasters, third class	33
Artificer Branch:	
Electricians, third class	\$33
Carpenters' mates, third class	33
Painters, third class	33
Special Branch:	
Yeomen, third class	\$33
Hospital apprentices, first class	33
Ship's cook, third class	33

SEAMEN, FIRST CLASS

	Monthly Pay
Seaman Branch:	
Seamen gunners	\$29
Seamen	26

Artificer Branch:	Monthly Pay
Firemen, first class	\$39
Shipwrights	28
Special Branch:	
Musicians, first class	\$35
Ship's cook, fourth class	28

SEAMEN, SECOND CLASS

Seaman Branch:	Monthly Pay
Ordinary seamen	\$21
Artificer Branch:	
Firemen, second class	\$33
Special Branch:	
Musicians, second class	\$33
Buglers	33
Hospital apprentices	22

SEAMEN, THIRD CLASS

Seaman Branch:	Monthly Pay
Apprentice seamen	\$17.6
Artificer Branch:	
Coal-passers	\$24
Special Branch:	
Landsmen	\$17.6

MESSMEN BRANCH

	Monthly Pay
Stewards to commanders-in-chief . . .	\$60
Cooks to commanders-in-chief	50
Stewards to commandants	60
Cooks to commandants	50

	Monthly Pay
Cabin stewards	\$50
Cabin cooks	45
Wardroom stewards	50
Wardroom cooks	45
Steerage stewards	35
Steerage cooks	30
Warrant officers' stewards	35
Warrant officers' cooks	30
Mess attendants, first class	24
Mess attendants, second class	20
Mess attendants, third class	16

Remarks:

Seamen Gunners' Certificate, etc.—Men who have successfully completed a prescribed course of instruction for seamen gunners or petty officers may be given, by the Bureau of Navigation, a certificate to that effect, which shall entitle them to receive \$2 per month in addition to the pay of the rating in which they are serving; such certificates to continue in force only during the enlistments in which the men were respectively graduated, unless renewed by re-enlistment for four years within four months from date of honorable discharge. This provision shall take effect from and after July 1, 1905, but any enlisted man then in the service who holds such a certificate shall not be deprived of the benefits of the same during the term of enlistment under which he is then serving. Men holding certificates as seamen gun-

ners are entitled to the pay prescribed for said rating and are entitled to re-enlist at any time as such at the base rate of \$26 per month; but if given any other rating than that of seamen gunner, the holder of a seamen gunner's certificate will not receive additional pay therefor, unless in continuous service.

Good-Conduct Medals.—Each enlisted man of the Navy shall receive 75 cents per month, in addition to the pay of his rating, for each good-conduct medal, pin, or bar which he may heretofore have been, or shall hereafter be, awarded. On and after September 5, 1904, the date of the award of a good-conduct medal, pin, or bar shall be the date of the holder's discharge by reason of the expiration of the enlistment for which the medal, pin, or bar is given, the allowance of 75 cents per month to be reckoned from said date of award: *Provided*, That nothing herein contained shall be construed to authorize any change in the date of award of any good-conduct medal, pin, or bar heretofore awarded or to grant any arrears of allowances on account thereof.

Coxswains of Steam Launches, etc.—Coxswains detailed as coxswains of boats propelled by machinery, or as Coxswains to Commanders-in-Chief, shall receive \$5 per month in addition to their pay.

Service on Submarines.—All enlisted men of the Navy shall receive \$5 per month in addition to their pay while serving on board of submarine vessels of the Navy. Besides the \$5 per month extra pay

allowed them for submarine service, enlisted men serving with submarine torpedo boats, and having been reported by the commanding officers to the Navy Department as qualified for submarine torpedo boat work, shall receive \$1 additional pay for each day during any part of which they shall have been submerged in a submarine torpedo boat while underway: *Provided, however,* That such further additional pay shall not exceed \$15 in any one calendar month.

Seamen in Charge of Hold.—Seamen in charge of holds shall receive \$5 per month in addition to their pay.

Jacks-of-the-Dust, Lamplighters, etc.—Ordinary seamen detailed as Jacks-of-the-Dust, or as Lamplighters, shall receive \$5 per month in addition to their pay.

Messmen.—Enlisted men detailed as crew messmen shall, while so acting, except when assigned as reliefs during the temporary absence of the regular crew messmen, receive extra compensation at the rate of \$5 per month.

(a) Mess attendants are not entitled to additional compensation allowed other enlisted men detailed as messmen.

(b) Enlisted men, detailed as crew messmen, are not entitled to the extra pay provided for such detail while on authorized leave of absence.

Detained after Expiration of Enlistment.—Enlisted men afloat detained beyond their regular term

of enlistment until the return to the United States of the vessel to which they belong, under the provisions of section 1422 of the Revised Statutes, shall receive for the time during which they are so detained an addition of one-fourth of their former pay, "computed on the total pay which they are entitled to receive."

(a) If an enlisted man be retained in the service after the expiration of his enlistment *at his own request*, he is not entitled to the one-fourth additional pay.

Duty in Fire Room, Seamen and Ordinary Seamen.—Seamen and ordinary seamen detailed for duty as firemen or coal-passers shall receive in addition to the pay of their ratings extra pay at the rate of 33 cents per day for the time so employed.

(a) A native seaman or native ordinary seaman of the Insular force who is detailed to perform duty as fireman or coal-passer is entitled to extra compensation at the rate of 33 cents per day while so employed.

Signalmen.—Enlisted men of the naval service regularly detailed as Signalmen shall receive the following extra compensation in addition to the monthly pay of their rating: Signalmen, first class, \$3; Signalmen, second class, \$2; Signalmen, third class, \$1.

Chief Petty Officers, Permanent Appointment.—All chief petty officers of the Navy, including Chief Water Tenders, who, on or after July 1, 1903, shall receive permanent appointments after qualifying

therefor, shall be paid at the rate of \$70 a month; those who serve under permanent appointments issued prior to said date, or under acting appointments, shall be paid at the rates now in force. The pay of Chief Water Tenders who hold acting appointments shall be \$50 a month.

Gun Pointers.—After October 1, 1903, enlisted men of the Navy, after having qualified as gun pointers, and who are regularly detailed as gun pointers by the commanding officer of the vessel, shall receive monthly, in addition to the pay of their respective ratings, extra pay as follows: Heavy gun pointers (for guns of 8-inch caliber or larger), first class, \$10; second class, \$6. Intermediate gun pointers (for guns from 4-inch to 7-inch, inclusive), first class, \$8; second class, \$4. Secondary gun pointers (for guns from 1-pounder to 3-inch, inclusive), first class, \$4; second class, \$2.

(a) Extra pay shall be allowed a gun pointer qualified prior to November 28, 1907, during not less than two years from and after the date of his qualification; if qualified on or subsequent to November 28, 1907, during such time only as he remains qualified: *Provided*, That extra pay shall only be allowed a gun pointer while he is regularly detailed as a gun pointer at a gun of the class at which he qualified.

Gun Captains.—Enlisted men of the Navy regularly detailed by the commanding officer of a vessel as gun captains, except at secondary battery guns,

shall receive, in addition to the pay of their respective rating, \$5 per month, which in the case of men holding certificates as gun captains, or of graduation from the gun-captain class, petty officers' school, shall include the \$2 per month to which such certificates entitle them.

Ship's Tailor and Tailor's Helper.—Any enlisted man of the Navy detailed to perform the duties of "ship's tailor" on board of a vessel having a complement of 600 men or more, exclusive of marines, shall receive \$20 per month in addition to the monthly pay of his rating; on a vessel having a complement of from 300 to 600 men, exclusive of marines, \$15 per month in addition to the monthly pay of his rating; on a vessel having a complement of less than 300 men, exclusive of marines, \$10 per month in addition to the monthly pay of his rating. Any enlisted man of the Navy detailed as "tailor's helper" on board of a vessel having a complement of 600 men or more, exclusive of marines, shall receive \$10 per month in addition to the monthly pay of his rating: *Provided*, That the total pay of an enlisted man detailed to perform the duties of "ship's tailor" shall not exceed \$50 per month, and of "tailor's helper" shall not exceed \$40 per month.

(a) An enlisted man detailed as "ship's tailor" is entitled to the additional pay as such while on leave or on temporary duty ashore, provided that no one

was detailed to perform the duties of "ship's tailor" during his absence.

Re-enlistments Subsequent to November 27, 1906.—To provide adequate compensation for trained men, the pay now prescribed by Executive Order for each rating in the Navy is hereby increased \$5 per month during the second period of service, and a further sum of \$3 per month during each and every subsequent period of service: *Provided*, That only enlisted men who are citizens of the United States, and whose second and subsequent periods of service each follow next after service in the Navy that was terminated by reason of expiration of enlistment, shall receive the benefits of the increased pay named herein: *Provided, further*, That in the case of the men who are or were finally discharged from the Navy by reason of expiration of enlistment, the first enlistment on or after the date of this order shall be considered the second period of service which shall carry with it the increased pay provided by this order; except that men discharged on recommendations of boards of medical survey shall, if they re-enter the service, be given credit for any previous periods of service in the Navy which were terminated by reason of expiration of enlistment.

Chief Petty Officers Detailed as Instructors of Apprentice Seamen.—Chief petty officers detailed as instructors of apprentice seamen at naval stations who qualify as instructors by examination shall re-

ceive hereafter in addition to their pay the sum of \$10 per month while so detailed, such pay to be considered extra pay for special duty.

(a) Chief petty officers receiving extra compensation of \$10 per month for duty as instructors of apprentice seamen are entitled to the additional pay for the time while they are on leave or absent undergoing examination for promotion to warrant officers: *Provided*, Their details are unrevoked and details were not made to supply their places while absent.

Apprentice Chief Petty Officers.—Apprentice seamen detailed as apprentice chief petty officers, apprentice petty officers, first, second, or third class, in connection with the instruction of apprentice seamen at naval stations, shall receive hereafter in addition to their pay the sum of \$2.50, \$2, \$1.50, and \$1 each per month, respectively, while so detailed; such pay to be considered extra pay for special duty.

Hospital Corps.—“The pay of enlisted men of the Hospital Corps shall be the same as that provided for the corresponding ratings of the seaman branch and other staff corps of the Navy.”

Clothing Bounty.—On and after July 1, 1907, all enlisted men of the Navy shall receive, on first enlistment, outfits amounting in value as follows: Samoans and such men of the messman branch as are not required to possess complete outfits, not to exceed \$20; men of the Insular force, not to exceed \$30; all other enlisted men, not to exceed \$60.

Any man enlisting on or after December 1, 1906, who is discharged during the first six months of a first enlistment for any cause other than disability incurred in the line of duty, shall have checked against his accounts prior to discharge the cost of such portion of outfit allowed on first enlistment as he may have drawn.

Continuous Service Pay.—Any man who has received an honorable discharge from his last term of enlistment, or who has received a recommendation for re-enlistment upon the expiration of his last term of service of not less than three years, who re-enlists for a term of four years within four months from the date of his discharge, shall receive an increase of \$1.36 per month to the pay prescribed for the rating in which he serves for each consecutive re-enlistment.

Retired Pay.—The pay of all commissioned, warrant, and appointed officers, and enlisted men of the Navy now on the retired list shall be based on the pay, as herein provided for, for the commissioned, warrant, and appointed officers and enlisted men of corresponding rank and service on the active list; an enlisted man on the retired list is entitled to the full amount of 75 cents a month for each good-conduct medal held, in addition to 75 per cent of the pay of which he was in receipt at the date of retirement.

Death Gratuity.—Payment of death gratuity to widow or previously designated beneficiary of de-

ceased enlistment man of the active list is authorized under the same conditions as in the case of officers.

Insular Force:

Authorized, not to exceed 500 Filipinos, in the following ratings:

	Monthly Pay
Native coxswains	\$15
Native seamen	12
Native ordinary seamen	10
Native machinists	28 - 20
Native firemen	18 - 5
Native coal-passers	1
Native stewards	5
Native cooks	3
Native mess attendants	8

Nurse Corps (female):

	Annual Pay
Superintendents	\$1,800
	Monthly Pay
Nurses (female)	\$50 - 65

MARINE CORPS

Officers:

	Yearly Pay
Major-general commandant	\$8,000 \$
Colonels	4,000 - 5,000
Lieutenant colonels	3,500 - 4,500
Majors	3,000 - 4,000
Captains	2,400 - 3,360
First lieutenants	2,000 - 2,800
Second lieutenants	1,700 - 2,380

Enlisted Men:

	Monthly Pay
Sergeant major	\$45 - 69
Quartermaster sergeant	45 - 69
First sergeant	45 - 69
Drum major	45 - 69
Gunnery sergeant	35 - 59
Sergeant	30 - 48
Corporal	21 - 39
Drummer	15 - 25
Trumpeter	15 - 25
Private	15 - 25
Musicians	50 - 60

ADDITIONAL PAY PER MONTH

Mess sergeant (on shore duty only)	\$ 6.00
Cooks, first class (on shore duty only)	10.00
Cooks, second class (on shore duty only)	8.00
Cooks, third class (on shore duty only)	7.00
Cooks, fourth class (on shore duty only)	5.00
Messmen (ashore and afloat)	5.00
Gun pointers (afloat only):	
Heavy gun pointers:	
First class	10.00
Second class	6.00
Intermediate gun pointers:	
First class	8.00
Second class	4.00
Secondary gun pointers:	
First class	4.00
Second class	2.00

Signalmen, first class (ashore and afloat) .	\$ 3.00
Signalmen, second class (ashore and afloat)	2.00
Signalmen, third class (ashore and afloat) .	1.00
Expert riflemen (ashore and afloat) . . .	5.00
Sharpshooters (ashore and afloat) . . .	3.00
Marksmen (ashore and afloat)	2.00
For each conduct medal, pin or bar75
Members of Marine Band, for playing at White House and public grounds	4.00

AVERAGE COST OF MAINTENANCE OF VESSELS OF THE
NAVY OF EACH TYPE

	Cost of commission including pay of officers and enlisted men	Repairs to hull and machinery and equipment
Battleships	\$596,165.02	\$ 86,352.16
Armored cruisers . .	717,646.35	116,106.37
Scout cruisers . . .	300,391.17	44,649.31
Cruisers, first class .	540,808.57	29,469.71
Cruisers, second class	90,808.68	3,372.80
Cruisers, third class .	202,178.65	22,332.36
Gunboats	155,768.64	7,411.25
Torpedo-boat		
destroyers	75,800.20	23,521.42
Torpedo boats	49,250.43	6,506.60
Submarine torpedo		
boats	17,462.27	4,514.21
Colliers	59,119.35	17,168.32

GUNS AND PROJECTILES

	12-inch	8-inch
Cost complete	\$65,120	\$21,294
Life before relining is necessary (rounds)	200	300
Range, 15° elevation (yards)	24,900	19,000
Cost of one round ammunition \$	424	\$ 120
Weight of gun (tons)	56.1	18.7
Penetration of face hardened armor, 10,000 yds. (inches)	15.6	7.2
Cost of mount	\$52,357	\$14,417

CONSUMPTION OF COAL

The ships of the Navy consumed during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1911, 744,423 tons of coal, in the following proportions and for the purposes named:

- 50.91 per cent for steaming.
- 1.60 per cent for galleys.
- 1.84 per cent for steam launches.
- 13.65 per cent for electric lighting and power.
- 32 per cent for heating, flushing, etc.

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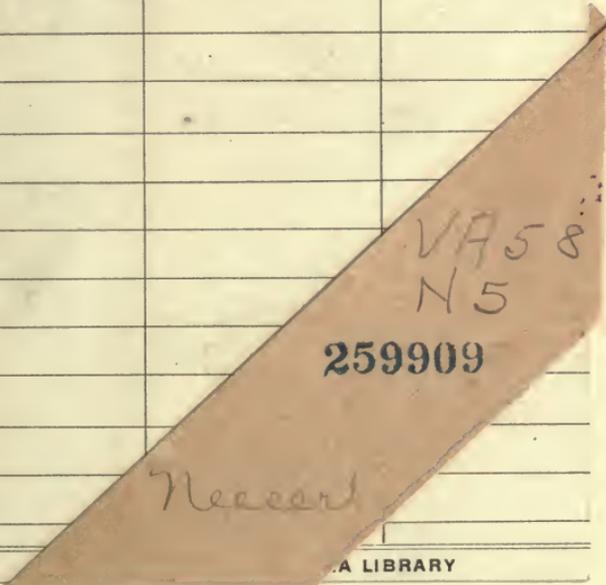
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